

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

SHADOWLAND

AUGUST

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The Final Touch

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Stafford-Miller Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The Final Touch





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VOLUME II

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

AUGUST, 1920

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..... *Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*

Special Articles Devoted to Art, the Stage and
Current Fashions.



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SHADOWLAND

177 Dufield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Emma Haig

The Popular Dancing Star of Vaudeville
and Musical Comedy

Louise Glaum

The Picturesque Screen Portrayer of
Vampire Roles

Anetha Getwell

One of the Four Winners of the 1919 Fame
and Fortune Contest

Betty Blythe

A Favorite and Colorful Player of the Cinema

Gladys Leslie

One of Screenland's Most Charming Ingénues
and

Reproductions of Paintings by Benjamin
Eggleston and Alexander P. Couard,
besides a color impression of
David Wark Griffith by
Wynn Holcomb



Painted from a photograph by Hixon Connelly Studios

Emma Haag.



Painted from photograph by Hartsook

Louise Glauk



Painted from photograph by Gilson, Sykes and Fowler

Agatha Lehuell



PASTORAL
An Original Painting
By Benjamin Eggleston



MARY PICKFORD

An Exclusive Study Made for Shadowland by Abbe



Nirsku is a new and picturesque exponent of the dance in America. At present she is appearing in "What's In a Name," offering a Terpsichorean interlude



NIRSKA

*Exclusive Studies for Shadowland
by Maurice Goldberg*



PEGGY SHAW

*One of the prettiest
of the Ziegfeld
Beauty Squad*

Photograph
by Alfred
Cheney
Johnston



MONA CELETE

*Who introduced a pretty
dance specialty in "The
Night Boat." She was
last seen in "The Bird
of Paradise"*



Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios



ERNESTINE MYERS
The Dancing Star of the Varieties





KAY LAUREL: by Maurice Goldberg



MAE MURRAY

A new Photograph of the Cinema Star by Alfred Cheney Johnston



DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

An Impression
By Wynn Holcomb



Painted from photograph by Hoover

Betty Blythe



Painted from a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Gladys Leslie



Two interesting ex-
amples of Alexander
P. Couard's futuristic
work. Mr. Couard
titles the painting at
the left, Landscape
Composition No. 1. It
presents his impres-
sions of the Grand
Canyon



At the right is
another interest-
ing Couard com-
position

A Plea For Futurism

By A. M. Hopfmüller

WHENEVER the layman is brought to face with works of the ultra-modern school in painting, a profound feeling of helplessness is the usual sensation. Disks of vivid color, curved and straight lines, crossing diagonally thru squares of the same hues, form designs unintelligible to the average observer. What is it? What does it mean? Where does it begin and where is the end?

Unable to find a satisfactory solution, an artist friend is finally consulted. Unfortunately, he happens to be a painter of the purely realistic school, whose feeling toward anything radical is surpassed only by his ignorance. He brands the futurists as technical experimenters, minus any of the higher requirements of real art. They are finally considered a joke and an epidemic that will soon give way to the sanity and merit of the old school.

It is unfortunately true that some artists use or rather misuse futurism as a mantle to cover their hopeless work; while others, technically clever but absolutely lacking sincerity and a high moral standard, inseparable companions of all good art, create works that should, for obvious reasons, never be admitted to any public exhibition.

Renegades of this type, playing for cheap applause, are not confined to the modern school alone. They have ever been present among sincere artists of all periods and their work should not be taken seriously, surely not as representative art.

Knights of the old school will perhaps shrug their shoulders and condemn this paragraph with a *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*, but they cannot deny its truth.

The world of art is bigger than the world of man. It holds in itself the highest ideals of mankind, it gives us the history of countries and people that have once been great. Many of our great men in art have in their time been ridiculed by their contemporaries and by the public at large. They were misunderstood simply because they lived ahead of their time, they could see where others were blind.

Modern art—what a vague expression! All art has in its time been modern and all art in painting has ever been impressionism, for no two artists have ever painted the same subject alike. Throwing aside all the titles given to different movements in art, we arrive at the conclusion



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

ALEXANDER P. COUARD

Whose futuristic work is reproduced on the adjoining page

that they mean little or nothing; that all good art must be first of all individual and that any restriction in any whatsoever form will lead to mere mannerism absolutely detrimental to original and creative work. Why, then, such antagonism toward the so-called futurism? It is merely an individual way of expression, and whether or not it is good art should be left for other generations to decide.

If the gradual development of an artist's work from the purely realistic to the final creative composition could be traced, it would be like an open book, leaving no doubt as to the sincerity and full conviction of the painter. But no artist following an untrodden path would consider it necessary to explain.

That the majority of artists of the futurist school are able draughtsmen and colorists of the first order, there can be no doubt, and quite a number of them have produced admirable work in painting realistic landscapes or figure compositions.

Surely, it must be more than a mere fad that can make painters, whose work had been accepted at the big national exhibitions, abandon the easy path and struggle against the tide of public favor. After all, it is their affair and we can either like or dislike their work as we please.

It is interesting, however, to follow an artist's work gradually developing from the purely realistic school into the realm of a different world of art. It is what one might call a slow process of elimination, extending sometimes or rather always over a period of years, years of hard work, disappointments and uncertainty. Always forging on, now giving up in despair, and again jubilant over the slightest progress made.

When an artist begins to feel dissatisfied with his work, a profound reaction usually takes place. Either he will quit painting entirely for a time, only to begin anew where he has left it, in which case nothing has been gained, and after repeated occurrences of this sort a complete staleness will result. Or, he will search for new means of expression, which will lead into the infinite. The realist paints things as he sees them, which in the case of a landscapist includes, besides his objects such as hills, trees or houses, also any occurring atmospheric and elemental conditions.

(Continued on page 70)



The Most of the

Exclusive Camera Studies
Made For SHADOWLAND

A broad statement it is to pronounce any young woman the most beautiful on the motion picture screen. Particularly when the films have such dazzling luminaries as Katharine MacDonald, Elsie Ferguson and other beauties. But Harriet Hammond is —well—

Miss Hammond is the première beauty of Mack Sennett's world famous beauty squad



All photographs
by Abbe.

Beautiful Girl Cinema

Since the 18th amendment went into effect, lamp-posts have rather gone into the discard. Here, however, Mr. Abbe found a new and striking use for that factor in street architecture and illumination



Harriet Hammond has had offers from such experts as Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., and others. But she prefers the picturesque and colorful life of a Mack Sennett beauty in sunny California



Photographs by Ira L. Hill

MARTHA HEDMAN is one of the rare persons in the life of the Average Interviewer about, or around whom, a book might easily and vividly be written. Said Interviewer does not have to depend, in speaking of Miss Hedman, upon chaise longues, floor lamps, adjectives and Pekingese dogs. There is a surplus rather than a dearth of subject matter.

The point of view of the foreigner is always an interesting one, and especially if the foreigner be a woman, a charming one and a professional one. Miss Hedman is all of these besides being a modernist, a feminist and a thoro humanitarian.

I asked her to tell me what struck her as being distinctive about life in New York.

She said, with upraised hands and upturned eyebrows and quivering morning cap: "Your rush, your hurry, your lack of time. . . . You will be the land of nervous breakdowns! Oof it is terrible!"

I begged her to elaborate. She had struck a responsive chord. I had never seen quite so much drama over the lack of time, tho being quite frequently in just such a state as she described.

She said, "Take myself, for instance. Now and then . . . only now and then, I have, say, two hours in an afternoon during which I have nothing to do. I *think* I have nothing to do. I settle myself, there, on my nice big couch . . . so. I prepare to read, to think, to refresh my soul and recuperate my giving

Martha Hedman

By Jane Amoret

powers. All at once my conscience begins to trouble me. I say, 'But there *must* be something I *should* be doing! Now, let me see . . . what is it? What is this thing, these things demanding of me that I get up and lay aside my book? It can't be possible I am not neglecting something. Yes, there *must* be something I am leaving undone.' Or—we are afraid of *missing* something. We think 'I *should* be there . . . or there . . . or there. I am missing this. I am missing that.' And we are finally all worked up in a tight little tension. Then, it becomes a matter of going along on nervous force, nervous energy. This is possible for a time, for a very little time, and there



And Her Theory of Living

you are."

"What do you believe to be the cause of this state of tension, this rush and scramble?" I asked, adding, "It's true enough."

Miss Hedman shrugged her shruggable shoulders. "It's in the air," she said; "I think . . . so many lives, all together. So many activities and personalities, all jostling, all contacts. It can't be helped . . . and so many ambitions . . . furious ones. . . ."

I said that I supposed individual defenses were the best we could do about it.

She said yes, but that these same defenses were what gave some persons the name of being "queer." "For instance," she explained, "I have made it a rule to take every Sunday for my own. I go into the country. I *must* go into the country. I need it. I have to have it. I take a picnic lunch; I walk, rest on the grass, read a little if I feel in the mood, muse a great deal, fill my mind and spirit with the creative force for my work, dissipated during the strenuousness of the week. It is imperative with me that I have this. I decline all invitations. I rear this wall about me. And what do people say? They say, 'Ahhhh. . . . she is queer. Odd, you know, very, very odd.' Or they say, 'Who is *she* that she takes on these airs? She thinks she is a great actress and must do this sort of thing.' They had much rather I would smile sweetly and say regretfully, 'So sorry, Dear, I have made another engagement.' The world can tolerate evasions, so long as it *understands* the evasion. The average person eschews as malfeasance that which is beyond his or her comprehension."

I asked her whether she thought the individual had the *right* to be queer, to be odd. I spoke, specifically, of Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, with whom Miss Hedman lived much in her childhood, having been practically brought up by the first Mrs. Strindberg. I knew that the dramatist had been "queer" and I asked her if that were true. "Yes," she said, "and he grew more so in later years."

Apropos of *this* I put my question.

She said: "I think the secret of living is the secret of *balance*. To give and to take, to replenish, to consume. I believe that we are creating greatly, if we are giving something vital to the world, as Strindberg undoubtedly was, then we have, by that very token, taken unto ourselves a *right* to preserve that creative force in any way



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

we see fit. We are, then, our own law of compensation. There is no justification for the person who is baselessly eccentric."

I asked her why, sensitized as she is to the intensive life of the city, particularly New York City, she had not preferred Sweden with its greater chance for contemplation.

"There are so many elements constituent to a person," she said. "One of the greatest of mine is *ambition*. We have some very fine theaters in Sweden; some fine artists, but—one cannot go far enough. There are limitations. There are not the opportunities there because the audiences are not there. There is no growth."

She told me little anecdotes of her progress from playing in Sweden to playing here. Her meeting with Charles Frohman; her meeting with Sir James Barrie; the perfectly silent evening the three of them spent together one time in London. "Barrie and Frohman used to sit like that evening after evening," she said, "smoking their pipes and not uttering a syllable. There was a great

(Continued on page 70)

SHADOWLAND



A Musical Comedy Apollo

Special Art Studies by
Strauss-Payton Studios



Billy Holbrook has been dancing for Raymond Hitchcock for some four seasons and has been attracting considerable attention

The Eleventh Hour



Sarah Lucas, of Annapolis, Md. Miss Lucas is a brunette type — and of unusually picturesque camera appeal

BY the time this magazine goes to press, the preliminary scenes of "Love's Redemption," the five-reel feature drama now being produced, will be completed. The

following players compose the cast:

Edwin Markham, Hudson Maxim, Dr. C. L. Nichols. Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero. Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, Wm. R. Talmadge. Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, Wm. Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh. Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly and Alfred Rigali.

Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Jr., Wm. A. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske. Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Mr. Hammer, Sr., Mr. McCabe, Doris

Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Herve y, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, The Schwinn twins, Ruth Higgins, and Marjorie Longbotham.

Of course, the scenes in which the final honor roll members and winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, now being held by the *Motion Picture Magazine*, *The Classic*, and *Shadowland* will not be filmed until the final winners have been named by the judges. This will be done however, some time in August, and the contestants who have been selected will have every opportunity to prove their adaptability and talent for screen work.

The immediate opportunity to prove their histrionic ability in this picture has added to the interest shown by our readers everywhere as to the outcome of The Fame and Fortune Contest and, judging by the deluge of photographs which flow daily into these offices, every one seems to have decided to try their luck, thus having a fling at the roulette wheel of fortune. As is the customary trait of humanity, the last moment seems to be the most desired one in which to accomplish anything, and altho warnings have been issued in each one of our magazines, as to the advisability of sending in the photographs as early as possible; yet it remains for the eleventh hour to prove that thousands of readers and their friends have realized the golden opportunity which is being offered them, and have entered the contest.

Photographs will be accepted which have been mailed up to and including the date of August 1st.

in the Fame and Fortune Contest

After midnight of that date, the photographs will be gone over carefully and a final selection will be made by the committee which passes upon each photograph as it comes in. The winners will be selected from the group of honor roll members by the following judges:

Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the contest, and of the progress of the feature-film.

We are pleased, however, with the universal interest as shown by our readers thruout the country. We gather from the innumerable inquiries sent in that this contest has taken hold of the imagination of our readers, that it has appealed to the spirit of adventure possessed by all to a greater or lesser de-



Just above is Orville R. Caldwell, of New York City. Mr. Caldwell has had some stage experience. At the left is Elsie Efaw, of Centerville, Iowa

gree—that the people who hear about it or read about it have realized that here at last is the golden opportunity for which they have so vainly sought.

There have been many, many Fame and Fortune contests held by various organizations. Some of them have proven to be all they have advertised; others have turned out to be gross deceptions—but the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest which we held last year developed into one of the motion picture events of the year. It proved so successful and satisfactory to all concerned that we decided to repeat it and improve on it this year.

Therefore, we look forward with keen interest to the decision of the judges and the outcome of this contest.

This month's honor roll for SHADOWLAND is as follows: Sarah Lucas, of Annapolis, Maryland, has had no previous stage or screen experience. But any girl who possesses the brown eyes and hair of Miss Lucas should find no difficulty in getting what she desires, we should say!

Orville R. Caldwell, of 234 West 44th Street, New York City, has been playing with James K. Hackett on the legitimate stage. He is very interesting to look at.

From 807 E. Maple Street, Centerville, Iowa, comes this photograph of Elsie Efaw. Elsie has had no previous stage or screen experience. She has hazel-colored eyes, fair complexion and light-brown hair.

The Wood Violet Blooms

Special Photographs by Abbe

Not so very long ago—but long enough to be in the photoplay's "palmy days"—Anita Stewart stepped into film fame with a single little screen play, "The Wood Violet," made at old Vitagraph. Miss Stewart soon after won her way to stardom



Now Miss Stewart's stellar productions are released thru First National and she is a film luminary in every sense of the word. Here with she may be observed outside her California home



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARGARET FALCONER

Miss Falconer was one of the Honor Roll winners in our 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. She is one of the prettiest members of the Ziegfeld 9 O'clock and Midnight Revues





Photograph by H. von Connolly Studios

MME. OLGA PETROVA

The picturesque star has just finished a spectacular tour of the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, where she seems to be breaking all records. Mme. Petrova has just had an interesting offer to return to the cinema



The Beauty of the 1920 "Florodora" Sextette

Both photographs by F. A. W. Schwarz

Critics who ought to know have pronounced Fay Evelyn the outstanding beauty of the recent New York revival of "Florodora." Which in itself is quite a distinction, since the Shuberts, in staging the 1920 version, tried to get the most dazzling sextette obtainable in that beauty mart of America—Broadway



SHADOWLAND



A
Chic
Comédienne
of the
Cinema

May Allison, Metro
star, stands at the
forefront of the
silver-screen's co-
médiennes. A deft
touch of film light
comedy is hers



Photograph © by
Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Abbe

AGNES AYRES

An interesting study of the cinema star taken especially for Shadowland





Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

TESSA KOSTA

Who has been singing delightfully in that pleasant musical comedy of old Scotland, "Lassie"





WASHINGTON SQUARE IN THE RAIN

*An Exclusive Camera Study
by Nickolas Muray*



Photograph by Geisler and Andrews

MARY HAY

Recently the delightful feature of Ziegfeld's 9 o'clock Revue and now a David Griffith player in "Way Down East." Recently she became the bride of Richard Barthelmess

Is Acting a Creative Art?

By Walter Prichard Eaton

THE other day I listened to several theater-goers debating the age-old question—is the actor really a creative artist, or only an interpretative artist, merely recreating the original work of the playwright? My only excuse for dragging this ancient controversy into print again is that the art of acting seems to be just as much enjoyed and just as much talked about and just as much misunderstood, as it ever was. A curious feature is that some of the best actors do not understand it, except instinctively.

In one sense—and a very real sense—not only the actor but the man or woman in the audience is a creative artist. There is a moment when the actor first feels the heights and depths of his rôle, senses in his nerves and heart the emotions of the character, grasps what sort of man he is. At this moment, as his rôle suddenly shapes clearly in his mind, he experiences something closely akin to the sensations of creation, he is at one with his author. Similarly, you in the audience (or you reading a poem, or hearing a symphony) know a joyous moment of emotional appreciation, when your mind grasps the author's (or poet's or musician's) conception and makes it your own. At that moment, Spingarn says, "genius (the author) and taste (you) are one." In this sense, we are all Shakespeares and Beethovens—a comforting theory, which common-sense does not incline to push too far, but to which we cannot deny a measure of validity.

If there were no more extensive creative element in acting than this sense of kinship thru understanding with the original creative mind, it would still be enough, probably, to redeem the actor's life from the routine monotony of a mechanically reproductive task. But actually there is a great deal more, and of a more definite character. Tho', obviously, acting is primarily a reproductive art, the very fact that no two actors can reproduce alike, nor any one actor reproduce the same thing without variation, shows that the personal equation complicates matters—and in all art personality is creative, because unique.

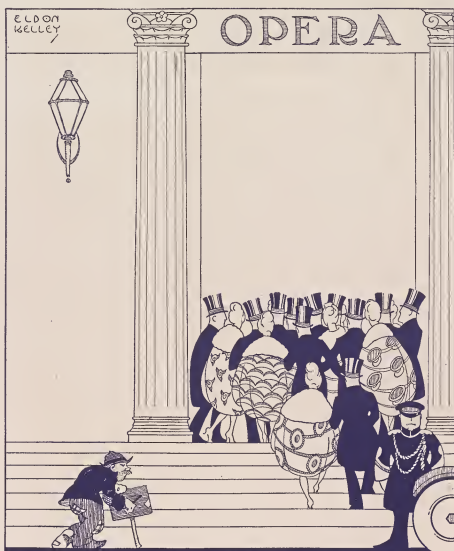
The first, and quite the most easily recognized element of creation in acting is

found in the leeway often given to the player to "build up" a rôle. The classic American example will suffice. In 1858 Laura Keane, a popular actress, conducted a stock company in New York. Her leading man was a young fellow named Joseph Jefferson. A humbler member of the company was a young English player named E. A. Sothern. Jefferson and Sothern, both fond of riding, shared the expenses of a stable. Miss Keane secured a play by Tom Taylor, called "Our American Cousin," in which Jefferson was to play the rôle of Asa Trenchard, and Sothern was cast for a very minor part, that of a "silly ass" English lordling. Sothern was so disgusted with this part that he threatened to go back to England at once. Jefferson, having visions of an entire stable to maintain alone, promised that he would fix it with Miss Keane to allow Sothern to "gag" his part *ad lib.*, if Sothern would only stick. The Englishman consented, and secretly worked up a great deal of business for his rôle, both in scenes with Jefferson and with his wife (also a member of the cast). The result, on the opening night, was astonishing. He literally walked away with the play. It became his play. He had created a unique character which dwarfed the drama. "Our American Cousin" became "Lord Dundreary."

On a lesser scale, but much more often than the public guesses (or the playwrights would confess!) this sort of

thing is always going on. An actor sees in his part possibilities the author may not have guessed were there, or otherwise finds ways to build up a more considerable character than came to him in the manuscript. Indeed, the true playwright is not a man, as a rule, of infinite stage directions and meticulous insistence on his own way. He is far more apt to be a man who understands actors, who loves their art, and hence who trusts them almost, at times, as collaborators. He knows what effect he wants, and he knows it is an effect which can be gained by the players. So he indicates when and where this effect is to come—and leaves it to the actors. If a painter is handed a square of canvas, he doesn't feel he's not a creative artist if he is told to paint on it a cer-

(Cont'd on page 68)



COMPETITION

By Eldon Kelley

Famous International Beauties

All photographs © by Hoppe of London

Left, Lady John Lavery, an American beauty
in London; lower left, Vera Fokina, wife of
the Russian dance creator Michel Fokine,
and herself a dancer of note; below, Mlle.
Derra de Merodis, a Grecian devotee of
Terpsichore





Above, Mlle. Regine Flory, the talented French actress; upper left, Maria Di Costellani of Naples and a dancer of Oriental themes; left, Lydia Kyasht, the Danish Terpsichorean artist

Fighting the Film Flapper

William Faversham Declares the Cinema Indicates that Life Revolves Around a Sixteen-Year-Old Ingenue

By Jameson Sewell

THERE is about William Faversham a theatrical glamor now little found—an elusive atmosphere of theatrical tradition. Mr. Faversham stands for the serious, finer things of the stage, as he has stood since those palmy theatrical days when the old Empire Theater company numbered many distinguished figures now starring behind the footlights.

As the motion picture play evolved, developed and seized upon the world, Mr. Faversham, as all other players, turned to it—doubtfully, perplexed, questioning. His first appearance is now forgotten. His second, "The Silver King," at least possessed dignity. Now he has come to the screen again—a star under the Selznick banner.

Mr. Faversham himself details his migrations with humor. He has humor, despite the accepted

American ideas of British birth. His Englishism is ingrained. For instance, he commented upon our luncheon in the studio restaurant of the Selznick plant, "I say, this is a jolly idea!"

But to return to Mr. Faversham's cinema adventures. "I admit that I did not take my early film activities very seriously," he smiles. "Perhaps I was rather justified. Studio conditions were amazingly different from those of today. I shall never forget my first days before a camera."

"True, the producers were very polite to me. 'Just ask for anything you want, Mr. Faversham,' they said. 'Everything will be fixed to suit you.' Then they brought me into a set showing a bedroom of an English residence. 'What do you think of that?' they asked, rather proudly. 'It's a perfectly good bedroom,' I answered, 'but it looks like an American hotel room. Let me show you what I mean.' 'That's all right,' they responded, 'You tell all that to our technical man and he'll fix it.'

"Then somebody called, 'Hey, O'Brien!' I could hear people yelling 'O'Brien' in the distance, and finally there appeared an individual wearing a sweater up to his ears, with a cigaret drooping from his lower lip.



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

"'What'ya want?' he demanded. 'I'm O'Brien.' 'I don't want you,' I answered, 'I want the technical man.' 'Dat's me,' he grinned. 'What's wrong?' Those were the conditions surrounding studio work in those the early days.

"Now it is different," went on Mr. Faversham. "The leading artists and designers work with you, the best writers aid you, the directors have brains. The studio is developing a tradition—and an atmosphere. You can be serious in your endeavors now—and really mean it."

"My plans? I want to do things as carefully and as conscientiously as I would on the stage. I am planning to do three H. C. Packard stories in a year. One I completed independently and for Selznick. The first to be made under my Selznick contract is 'The Sin That Was His,' an out-of-

door story. 'The Pawn Shop' and 'Come Down Our Street' will follow.

"Most of all I am going to fight against one screen evil—the callowness of your literature. I know that audiences will be interested in the mental development and experiences of a woman. Life in the films is personified by an eternal sixteen-year-old infant with curls and, of course, no possible philosophy or understanding of things. I am going to deal with people who have lived. For instance, in my first picture, the heroine is played by Mrs. Hedda Hopper, an actress of poise, discernment and experience.

"Surely a reflection of the mental processes, thoughts and interests of such a woman will be more interesting than the smile of a little flapper. Our motion picture audiences now average in years above the adolescent period, I am positive. They long ago passed the callow film play."

Interesting reasoning, from a successful observer and doer in the theater; a man who has contributed many noteworthy things. One of his stage creations, "The Pawn," an elusive, fanciful bit of footlight dreaming by

(Continued on page 76)

The Season's Failures

What Were the Worst Plays of the Stage Year?

By Louis Raymond Reid

A BALLAD-MAKER, a François Villon is needed on Broadway. There is no one to sing sentimentally and, what is more important, regretfully of the plays of yesterday. Once a year the historians of the stage, the DeFoes of the daily press, set down their impressions of the theatrical season with appropriate authority, recording with passionate zeal and judicial dignity the high lights of the drama as they have passed before their eyes between September 1 and May 15.

But have they ever anything to say of the low lights, of the failures—be they miserable or monumental—of the theatrical year? Not so you could notice with your horn-rimmed eye. And yet the failures are often the most significant plays of the season.

It is told of Clyde Fitch that he always preferred, in his visits to the theater, a play which was regarded as a failure to one which had been acclaimed from the playhouse to a sensational success. Once, so it is related, Maxine Elliott asked him to accompany her to a certain play which was enjoying a prosperous run. He begged to be excused from attending a performance of it.

"What shall we see?" asked the actress.

"Let's see a failure," replied Fitch.

And, scanning the list of attractions in a newspaper, they selected a drama about which considerable discussion had risen but which was destined inevitably for the storehouse.

Glancing backward over the season now closed, it is difficult to recall any failure which aroused any marked discussion. Most of the plays failed because they deserved to fail, because they lacked human or intellectual appeal. Vital action was missing or vivid, well-contrasted characterization. There may have been but little resemblance to life in situations or dialog. The universal quality of human interest may have been absent.

And now that they have gone there is none to shed a tear for them save a misguided author here and there. They may have been created amid tremendous hopes and aspirations. They may have been regarded as the means of freedom from economic shackles. They may have provided a livelihood for countless stenographers

and press agents and stage directors and actors. And now they are lost. Irretrievably? No—not so long as a Jerome Kern or a Louis Hirsch beats a syncopated path across a keyboard.

Many of these plays, now resting securely in the morgue at the sign of Cain, will return to Broadway in the years to come as musical comedies, staged by a Royce or a Latham, bringing long-awaited royalties to their authors and giving a Kern or a Hirsch a fresh opportunity to add to his teeming bank deposits. A new verdict will then have to be declared—and, strange to say, the new verdict is always favorable. The failure this spring of "The Girl From Home" is the exception that proves the rule. But then the case may be altered by the fact that "The Girl From Home" was a musical comedy that sprang from an enormously successful play—"The Dictator." Had "The Dictator" been a failure there might have been a different story to tell.

Do you remember that robust list of plays that swept into the Broadway sector last September in the wake of the actors' strike? Where are they now? A visit to Cain's storehouse will disclose them. There was the brave effort of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson—not

since "The Man From Home" has any collaboration of theirs proved successful—entitled "Up From Nowhere," which revealed the time-honored theme of a William Hodge rising from the depths of poverty and squalor. The management, however, displayed unwise judgment in calling upon an unmistakably English actor to portray the Hodge. The result, as a Columbia Theater jester would say, was a hodgepodge.

There was "The Five Million," glorifying the hosts of American soldiers who harkened to their country's call, but glorifying them at a time when there was a marked reaction toward civilian life and civilian clothes. The list also included such opera as "She Would and She Did," "Those Who Walk in Darkness," "Lusmore," "A Regular Feller," "Adam and Eva," "Scandal," "The Crimson Alibi" and "Nightie Night." Of these only the last four enjoyed any measure of success, and (Continued on page 66)



Photograph by Ira D. Schwartz

ARTHUR RICHMAN

Who came into prominence with his charming romantic comedy, "Not So Long Ago"



Two
Camera
Studies

The
Bride
of
the
Sea

Made
Exclusively
For
SHADOWLAND
By
Albin

The
Gift
of
the
Sea





Ethel Plummer

Under all circumstances and conditions I have found movie stars attended by a devotional, almost a traditional, a capable, an efficient, an omnipresent and probably omnipotent Momma

I THINK it odd. There seem to be *no* movie poppas. Still, scientifically, even reasonably, such a condition or absence of condition is hardly probable, not to say possible. There *must* be movie poppas. It stands to reason.

In some dim shade, within how remote a glade, the poppas must be lingering, basking perhaps, in the nethermost rays of the effulgent glories of their risen-to-stardom daughters.

I, who *should* be nameless, lest the absent poppas avalanche me with their addresses, autobiographies and telephone numbers, have done, in my days, which after this may be numbered, many, many interviews. I have had teas with stars, breakfasts with stars, dinners with stars and likewise mid-night suppers with stars. I am using star in the feminine sense only, be it understood. I have motored with them and walked with them and boldly invaded their domiciles. No matter where it has been, no matter when, nor under what circumstances and conditions, I have found said stars attended by a devotional, almost a traditional, a capable, an efficient, an omnipresent and probably omnipotent momma. Generally it is to momma they owe their celestial altitude, or so they filially say. There is something *in* a movie momma, some essentially peculiar produc-

Where are the Movie Poppas?

By Gladys Hall

Illustrated by Ethel Plummer

tion of—well, at least accelerated motion.

Momma and our star taxi together, they bungalow together, they have cute, chummy little apartments together or fat Westchestian little farms. They run about together, they plan together, campaign together, give interviews together, are seldom twain. They are pals. They are exclusive and sufficient unto themselves. Where one goest, there, likewise, goest the other. They have made a world and, serenely, opulently, they dwell therein. Apparently they have been since the beginning; obviously they will be until the end. They are complete.

But *where*, oh, *WHERE* is the movie poppa????????!!!!!!

What did he ever do to deserve this obliterating crown
(Continued on page 76)

Momma and the star plan together, give interviews together . . . Where One goest, there, likewise, goest the Other





Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



GRACE GEORGE

One of the Foremost Exponents of High Comedy on the American Stage



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

Eve's True Tragedy

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

AFTER Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, Eve became suddenly the prey of a deep and incurable melancholy. It was evident that a shadow darkened her soul, that a bitter sorrow burdened her heart, and despite all the protestations of Adam, despite all his cheering words and his awkward little tendernesses she sank deeper and deeper into the gloom of her sadness and despair. Whatever Adam proposed to do or not to do, Eve's only answer was: "Do what you please, it is just the same to me." But as there really is never anything the same to a woman, and she never really wants a man to do what she pleases but always and invariably what pleases her, this constant indifference was certainly a most distressing symptom. In the beginning Adam tried to console Eve, but as his words only irritated her and as he was, furthermore, quite busy in his new and strenuous life, he soon forgot the melancholy of his wife or accepted it as an inevitable feminine mood and settled down to a comfortable and peaceful life. Soon he was as content as he had been in his former existence, and as he was himself content, he presumed—with the funny blindness of the average husband—that his wife had no reason to be less satisfied. After supper he usually spoke about his crops, discussed the harvest prospects, waxed mildly enthusiastic over his dogs, praised judiciously his sheep and his oxen, yawned, and went to sleep. But in Eve's heart burned ever the same corroding pain.

One night, then, when Adam in his deep and peaceful masculine slumber was gently snoring, and Eve with dark and furious eyes stared into the velvety dusk of the summer-night, the thatched hut of the couple was suddenly filled with a magic light and Eve saw before her the figure of a beautiful, gorgeously dressed Angel, who belonged, without doubt, to the celestial aristocracy. "Eve," said the seraph—or, perhaps, it was a cherub; the hierarchy of the heavens is rather complicated—"Eve, I am your guardian-angel and I can not bear any longer to see you so bowed down by sorrow and despair. Tell me, what is it that makes you so unhappy? Perhaps I may be able to help you."

"No," sighed Eve, "no,

you can not help me. There is no help for my sorrow." "Why not?" persisted the Angel. "You underrate my power of intercession. Do you mourn because you have lost your Eden?"

"No," said Eve, "Eden was quite pretty, but in the end it became tiresome. I knew every corner of it in my sleep; I have been a thousand times over every pathway, and the garden had lost utterly the unspent beauty of surprise." A paradise which one knows too well is hardly paradise any longer. It was an excellent, a most comfortable abode, but I was bored there. Often I felt like running away and if I had not been driven out—who knows? No, my sorrow is of a different kind."

"Then it is your present situation that makes you unhappy?" inquired the Angel. "You do not like your hut? Or Adam is perhaps indifferent to you?"

"Oh no," declared Eve, "by no means. Adam is, in his way, quite good and tries to please me, poor man, and the hut is probably no worse than another hut would be. No, my regrets are deeper and bitterer than you surmise. My everlasting sorrow is—" and here she broke down and began to cry bitterly, "my sorrow is—the apple."

"The apple?" exclaimed the Angel. "Ah, I understand. You repent of your sin; remorse fills your heart. Noble

soul, how I sympathize with you! But, believe me, your tears are cleansing and purifying and I shall gather them as if they were shining pearls and twine a crown out of them for your pale and demure brow. Your repentance is sweeter than frankincense and more precious than gold," and with a well-trained tenor voice the Angel began to intone a most effective hallelujah.

But Eve put her hands to her ears and said curtly and angrily: "Stop—oh, do stop. Not even an Angel needs to be so hopelessly stupid. I do not repent—did you ever meet a woman who repented? No, no, it is quite different," and again her sobs filled the hut, but the Angel saw now that her tears were not tears of sorrow and despair, but tears of scorn and indignation.

"Well," he said a little nettled, because in spite of his angelic patience it irritated him to be interrupted in one of his vocal (Continued on page 81)



JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

The producer of "What's in a Name" who is now staging a new edition of "The Greenwich Village Follies"

The Fairy

A One-Act Play In Three Characters

By Laurence Housman

Co-Author of "Prunella" and Author of Other Plays

Illustrated by Dorothy Winslow

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A MOTHER.

A CHILD.

AN OLD WOMAN (The Fairy).

Plot: To compel the Old Woman to come back to them, the Fairies start stealing the Child. The Old Woman dances out to her death.

In the poor lamp-light of a cottage interior, and by the flicker of an open fire, three people are seen variously employed. By the table a little girl stands threading berries upon a string. Her mother, a robust hard-looking woman of middle age moves vigorously about, busy at fold-

ing and ironing. By the side of the fire sits a small frail old woman with a piece of knitting in her hands, to which, now and again, slowly and absent-mindedly she applies herself. The outer door, shaken by gusts of wind, tells of a stormy night; and the cry of the wind, loud and insistent, becomes almost personal, as it breaks into the conversation of the others.

Four people—child, mother, old woman and the wind.

CHILD:

(Counting her beads) One, two, three, four, five,—
(WIND: *Schwee!* *Schwee-wee-wee-wee-wee!*)

MOTHER:

Trouble! What a wind!

CHILD:

Six, seven, eight, nine,—
(WIND: *Schwee!* *Brrrrr!* *Bang!*)

CHILD:

(Startled) Oh, mother! How it rattled the door,—like as if someone wanted to come in!

(WIND: *Schwee, wee, wee, wee!*)

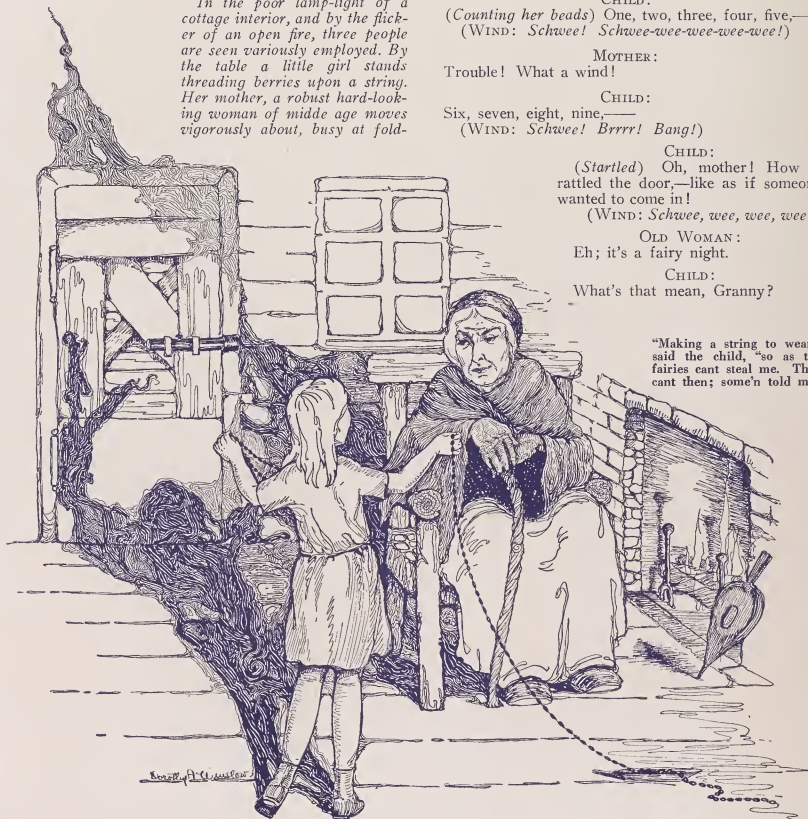
OLD WOMAN:

Eh; it's a fairy night.

CHILD:

What's that mean, Granny?

"Making a string to wear," said the child, "so as the fairies can't steal me. They can't then; some'n told me"



GRANNY:
A night when fairies are about,
(*The OLD WOMAN'S voice is dreamy and soft with a sort of slow wonder; and her eyes, whether she speaks or is silent, have a listening regard.*)

MOTHER:
(*As she moves around the table at her work*) Here! Take those away! I cant do with 'em. Right away!

CHILD:
(*Aggrieved*) Dont! I'm threading 'em!

MOTHER:
Thread 'em somewhere else, and ha' done! In ten minutes it'll be your time for bed.

CHILD:
No, I dont want!
MOTHER:
You'll go when I tell yer.
(*The CHILD carries her work over to the fireside.*)

GRANNY:
What ha' ye got there, my dear?

CHILD:
(*Still plaintive with her grievance*) Rowanberries, Granny.

GRANNY:
What are ye doing wi' they?

"One day she come to a house where children were crying — father and mother dead," said Granny, "and no one to fend for 'em. In she went—lived with 'em—made it her home"



CHILD:
Making a string to wear, so the fairies cant steal me. They cant, then; some'n told me.

GRANNY:
No, to be sure! Eh! Let's see you put 'em on.

CHILD:
(*As she starts putting them on*) They ain't quite done yet. I'm making 'em to go round twice . . . See? You see, Granny?

(*But following her own thought THE OLD WOMAN has become inattentive. She speaks in a crooning singsong.*)

GRANNY:
When the wind is in the rushes,
And the ripple's on the stream,
Deep among the bushes
Hidden eyes gleam.
Keen eyes, green eyes, like fireflies they seem,
When the wind bears down the rushes,
And the ripples stroke the stream.

CHILD:
What's that mean, Granny?

GRANNY:
It's only a song, my dear.

(*WIND: Schwee!*)
(*At a sudden gust the latch lifts and the door flies open. The CHILD'S hand, still on her necklet, snaps the string. The berries are spilled.*)

CHILD:
Oh! I've broken 'em!

MOTHER:
There's that latch given again! Quick, Child! Shut it; push the bolt!
(*The CHILD goes and fastens the door.*)

GRANNY:
(*In a singsong again.*)
Push the bolt, lock the door!
What's outside you can never be sure.
But, eh! when a hand gets hold o' the pin,

What's outside will always come in.
Eh, but it's a fairy night;—a fairy night!

CHILD:

Have you ever seen a fairy, Granny?

GRANNY:

(*In a soft, whimsy tone*) Yes.

CHILD:

What was it like?

GRANNY:

Very like you and me, my dear. Folk might often meet a fairy and not know.

MOTHER:

Oh, Mother, dont go to talk like that! I dont want stuff about fairies put into 'er head. 'Er's got fancies enough, as 'tis.

GRANNY:

Eh, to be sure! Fancy that!

MOTHER:

Fairies! Much good we ever got o' they!
(*And so saying, she thumps away at her ironing.*)

CHILD:

Dont fairies never help folk—poor folk, I mean? Dont they, Mother?

MOTHER:

(*Scornfully*) Ha! They didn't never help us. I can promise that!

(*She crosses to exchange irons at the fire, and as she speaks to the OLD WOMAN her voice is raised as tho to one a little dense or deaf.*)

Was you ever helped by fairies, Mother, when you'd got all five mouths of us to feed?

GRANNY:

(*With charitable allowance*) Eh, no! They didn't ever come to help me.

MOTHER:

One of the first things I remember, as a small child, was to beg a loaf o' bread, three miles there and back in bitter cold; one loaf for the five of us!

CHILD:

Where was Granny gone?

MOTHER:

Somewhere else, on the same errand. But I brought one back, and she come back without. Beg! 'er couldn't never open her mouth to beg, could you, Mother? 'Er just stood gaping, dumb, daft-like, till folk laughed and shut the door at her. But if any ever come to beg of 'er, there wasn't any saying 'No' then! That loaf as I brought home, we was just starting to eat it when there come a knock—(*As she speaks the wind rattles the door*) and the door opened, and in come a hand, and a voice "*Give I a bit o' bread!*" And our daft mother, 'er cuts a piece off, and goes across and gives it into the hand of a body 'er's never seen! Then come a laugh and a cry—"*Have you had enough of it yet?*"—Someone having a joke of us! Enough!

GRANNY:

Eh, sure! We've had hard times together; but we lived thru 'em.

MOTHER:

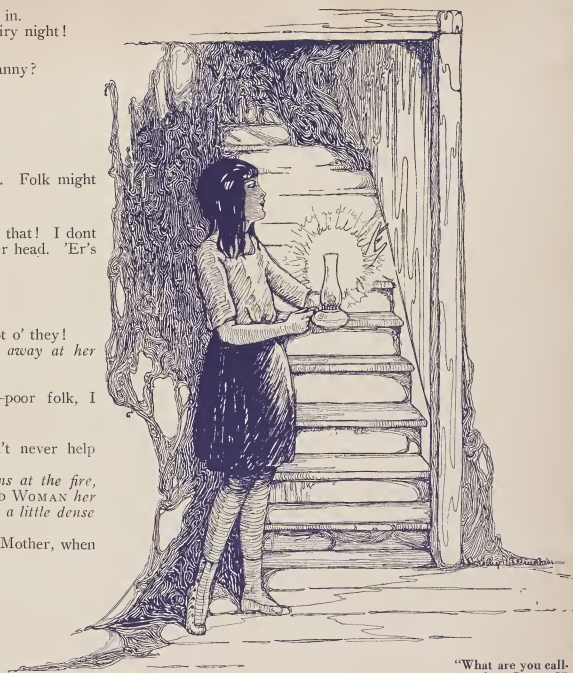
You and I! The rest had to go. You was always reckless, Mother.

GRANNY:

Aye.

MOTHER:

You never knew her to keep house, did yer?



"What are you calling for, Granny?" asked the child, walking in a trance

No.

GRANNY:

MOTHER:

And you never made a bargain in your life. First price offered was always the price you took. No wonder we were all high starved! Fairies! If the fairies ever helped us, they must 'a done it with their left hands. Here! child, go and make up the fire! (*To the CHILD.*) One winter all the thatch blew off the roof; the next 'twas a flood as sweep the wood-stack away; then three year running one of our goats died. Ah, that was a true word come thru the door: "*Have ye had enough of it yet?*" First and last, I reckon we had.

GRANNY:

Eh, but we'd good luck, too, some days.

MOTHER:

Oh, had we? The only good luck I can remember was when four on us died; fewer mouths to feed.

CHILD:

But you didn't want to die, did you, Mother?

MOTHER:

I hadn't anything I *did* want; I know that. Oh, you made a poor show, Mother, out of all the lot you had the caring for! It's a poor show, you made, I say!

GRANNY:

Eh, but I've had 'em; they was mine. I done everything for 'em; heard 'em laugh; see 'em play; had 'em
(*Continued on page 67*)



ALMA GLUCK

A new Study of the Popular Singer by Maurice Goldberg

Yesterday and Tomorrow in The Photoplay

By Frederick James Smith

DANIEL FROHMAN has been a vital factor in the development of the photoplay. His tremendous pioneer work in the early days will always link his name with the history of the screen.

Mr. Frohman stood for the best in the drama. His years of footlight production had stamped him as one of our stage leaders: in progressiveness, intelligence and far-sightedness. Along came the photoplay and its meteoric popularity. Every other stage producer smiled scornfully and quaked internally. Mr. Frohman saw its possibilities—and cast his fortunes accordingly.

Adolph Zukor was, at the moment, organizing the Famous Players. In those days the motion picture distributing field was held in the palm of the General Film Company, an organization of eight companies producing under certain patents and absolutely holding the door closed to every other maker of pictures. Mr. Zukor saw motion pictures with a far more discerning eye than the dictators of the General Film. He foresaw film drama as more than the routine release of one- or two-reel melodramas. He foresaw big plays and big stars on the screen. He realized its potentialities. And so he turned to Frohman, and Daniel Frohman, too, saw the screen thru similarly discerning eyes. So, when Zukor organized The Famous Players Company in 1912, Frohman became vice-president and managing director. Building upon the theory that the screen must have big plays and big players, Mr. Frohman started out.

"Even then it was actually not hard to persuade stars to come to the films," Mr. Frohman relates. "What they needed was proper assurance. Probably the stars had faith in me thru my previous association with many of them. They realized at least that I was not an adventurer. First Zukor purchased a European production, 'Queen Elizabeth,' with Mme. Bernhardt, to give our company a certain preliminary prestige. Then I persuaded James K. Hackett to do 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' Mrs. Fiske to do 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' and James O'Neill to do 'Monte Cristo.' With these four photoplays the Famous Players started. I kept working along this line. The rest followed. Later, for instance, I engaged Belasco's 'The Good Little Devil' company, with Mary Pickford, to do the drama for the films. Then we kept Mary.



Photograph by Moffet, Chicago

DANIEL FROHMAN

remarkable work at old Biograph. He was then known only to the motion picture people. "Offer him \$50,000 a year," Zukor told me. I could not quite see the feasibility of such a tremendous offer; but Zukor said, "He's worth it." I had an interview with Mr. Griffith, who surprised me by refusing the offer and declaring he thought, as things were developing, he was easily worth more. After events proved his belief in himself."

So much briefly for yesterday in the photoplay. Of the future Mr. Frohman talks interestingly.

"I have watched the film drama go thru its varying phases, from the spectacular to the intimate and back again," he says, "but I believe its greatest development will be along the lines of the steady, quiet, domestic drama. I base this upon my own long stage experience. I have seen splashy spectacular stuff score, but, in the main, the close-to-life drama with a vein of emotional interest is the steady winner.

"I do not believe that motion picture audiences will advance to the point of accepting the problem drama. The photoplay appeals, first and all the time, to the mass of people. The mass is concerned only with feeling and emotion, not metaphysical ideas. It is a matter of mob psychology. Mingled with the mob, even an intellectual becomes part of the crowd. There is always something

(Continued on page 80)

"Susan Lenox," "Foot Loose" and Other Springtime Incidentals

By The Critic

Illustrations by Wynn Holcomb

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' posthumous novel, "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," was a long time in reaching the stage. In fact, it has not yet reached the footlights. A certain opus, described as a "dramatization" by George V. Hobart and carrying the Phillips title, came into New York during the recent warm spring days. But the thing was not Phillips.

Mr. Hobart succeeded in eliminating all the vigorous—if sordid—strength of the novel and in transposing the story into the veriest melodramatic drivel. Mr. Phillips' tale is familiar, the sympathetic story of a young girl who is relentlessly pursued by a single indiscretion. Her progress thru life, as more or less searchingly revealed by Mr. Phillips, at least had vividness and plausibility.

Mr. Hobart took all sorts of liberties with the theme and turned out a completely false bit of theatric fabric—a hark back to the old "ten, twenty, thirty" days of stage thrillers. As one critic aptly put it, Mr. Hobart's little classic is mostly rise and very little fall. Susan, if we may believe Mr. Hobart, paused in her migrations in Cincinnati, after winning the heart of a department store owner as a dress model.

A large and singularly undistinguished cast labored with "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox." Susan herself was played by Alma Tell, a young actress of unusual attractiveness and appeal. She did everything possible with the heroine but the stage Susan is quite beyond human aid.

Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson as they appear in "Lassie"



Eleanor Painter and George Hasdora in "Florodora"

Of the whole cast just one player did anything worth mentioning. This was Robert T. Haines, who, at least, succeeded in suggesting the drunken lout, Jeb Ferguson.

Another disappointment of the month was Zoe Akins' "Foot Loose," a revamped version of H. C. Merivale and F. C. Grove's old-time drawing-room melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Miss Akins inserted a piquant line here and there but the old machine still creaks in ghastly fashion. Emily Stevens appears as the *declassé* Stephanie, once played by Rose Coghlan and other dramatic ladies of the period.

Stephanie, you know, is a person of questionable antecedents and cynical *bon mots*, who sets out to establish herself in the home of her dead son's wife and thus rehabilitate her social position. Miss Stevens makes the rôle rather colorful. The rest of the cast is adequate, in the main. Tallulah Bankhead plays the youthful widow—a difficult rôle requiring three acts of continuous tears—very well, indeed. Nobody else contributes anything in particular, while O. P. Heggie is singularly miscast as a vengeful Corsican. If there is anything that Mr. Heggie can not suggest it is a seething gentleman in quest of blood.

We found Willie Collier highly diverting in "The Hottentot," which, after all, runs thru routine farce grooves. You know the idea of the comedian who is forced to do something he is fearfully afraid of and who comes out of it with flying colors. Sometimes it is flying, as in "Going Up." Sometimes it is steeplechasing, as in "The Hottentot." Collier, however, can create so many laughs where none existed before that he makes "The Hottentot" an amusing thing.

Ann Andrews stands out of the surrounding company which, as is usual with casts supporting star comedians, surrounds—and does nothing more.

We wish we could say something pleasant about "Betty, Be Good" because the score is by Hugo Riesenfeld, the director general of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion theaters. But, in truth, the music is only tinkling and the book—well—it is infinitely worse. It would be insufferable but for the vivacious Josephine Whittell. This Miss Whittell could make anything seem well-nigh pleasant.

We chanced to re-visit "What's in a Name" recently and found some changes, some of them hardly for the best. There has been a tendency to sacrifice the color of the revue as it was for so-called snappy vaudeville humor. But, even so, it stands as one of the best musical things of the year. And, let us add, it seems to us that we overlooked a very personable young person of titian hair when we first reviewed "What's in a Name." This young woman is Corone Paynter—a write good name, if we may pun—and, unless we miss our guess, you'll hear more of her before long.

We are looking forward to Murray Anderson's next venture with keen interest.

Behold My Wife!

By Ann Paul

TO Frank Armour, Lali, granddaughter of the Indian Chief, Eye-of-the Moon, was an object of revenge. He saw her as that—and nothing more.

Later on, to Richard his brother, she was the Above-All-Things-Desirable—but that is another tale.

It happened in this wise: Frank Armour, a faded Englishman, a shareholder in the Hudson Bay Company had occasion to pay a visit to the trading station of that company in Canada. Two days, in deference to exactitude, after his arrival, he received word from his fiancée, Julia Sherwood, that she had cast him off and had then wed Lord Haldwell.

Now, Frank Armour (up to the time of his meeting, and subsequent knowing, which is quite another matter, Lali) had no imagination to brag about. In fact, none at all. But such as he *thought* he had had been devoted to the somewhat colourless Julia Sherwood. Frank Armour had read considerably on the *grande passion*. It always struck him as rather "the thing."

Just when it struck him most, Julia Sherwood came somewhat gracefully along. Propinquity resulted. From propinquity a very-much-approved engagement. If there came to Frank Armour any faint suggestion that there were missing from his emotion the ingredients of which he had read he did not permit his carefully scheduled plan of time to record the omission.

Then the break—

Frank Armour always did the thing he had read about. Occasionally, he had read bizarre and rather turgid fiction. It was almost his only outlet. On this especial occasion the thing to do, he felt, was to go to the devil—



that was certainly "the thing." He proceeded to go. He got drunk. Blazing drunk. Dead drunk. In the throes of the spree he married Lali. He despised her, but he married her. His heated brain saw in her an instrument of torture for his family, due to whose machinations he felt convinced, the pale and lovely Julia had wed another. They never had approved of Julia, that he knew. Well, he would send Lali to them, with her tinted face and her great stupid eyes and her mane

To Frank Armour, Lali was an object of revenge. He saw her as that—and nothing more—when his fiancée, Julia Sherwood, cast him off



His heated brain saw in her an instrument of torture for his family, due to whose machinations he felt convinced, the pale and lovely Julia had chosen another

of black hair and her little swift motions. . . . Lali, the savage. . . . Then see what they would say! Lali, grand-daughter of Chief Eye-of-the-Moon! Lali, by the same token, daughter-in-

law of the old aristocrat, General Armour, now retired. Frank reckoned without the old General. Also without Lali—but that comes later.

In the first place, the General was a good sport. In the second place, Lali was a beautiful woman, tint or no tint, race or no race. In the third place, Lali, in contradistinction to his feeling for her, worshipped the unworshipful Frank, and this gave her a tenacity to learn and live in his way which she otherwise might not have had. As addenda, important only in the degree of consideration, Richard Armour, Frank's crippled brother, fell in love with Lali, and her intuitive knowledge of this, no less than his will to aid her and develop her, produced a subtle, arresting change. To Richard, Lali was the embodiment of the things he had not. She had health, colourful and swift. She had innocence, limpid and lovely. She had the grace of the bending young birch and the rhythm of wheeling birds. She was free, unfettered things. . . . Compared to the marcelled preciseness of the Julias of their world, Lali came to Richard (and to the old General if he could have been induced to tell his innermost truths) as a revelation. A revelation of womanhood serving, simply and beautifully, her primeval purpose.

It took the Armour ladies longer to "come around". Naturally. Frank had depended upon it that they never would. He knew, he felt, his mother and his sister. They were shallows and it was easy to know them. They never would have "come 'round" if they had not been, in the first place, so perfectly furious at Frank for his horrible scheme, and in the second place had they not hit upon the word "unique" as fit to describe the new addition to

none of them save Richard, sensed the fact that it was instinct carrying her thru . . . the instinct of a woman who, loving another, an absent man, is perfectly protected, perfectly immune. Lali, armored in her worship of the white god, her husband, moved amidst the adulation of the throng, in it, not of it. And her face, like a frozen passion flower, stirred the London drawing rooms, which could not help but be grateful to the Armour ladies—and gentlemen—to heroine worship.

Things might easily have drifted along to some sort of eventual solution if the ferment of jealousy had not been operative. One day Lady Haldwell came to call. She had cast Frank Armour off to marry Lord Haldwell, but only in the imperfect sense a woman of her type ever does cast a man off. To her mind he is always a part of her existence. She owns, always, some part of him. He rankles, still, in her mind, in her scheme of things. Perhaps if London Society, the Armours in particular, had not taken Lali up, as it were, the Lady Julia would have felt differently. As it was, she was nagged by the desire to make that "ridiculous savage" see things in their true and proper state. For her to go about with her "aboriginal head" held high was palpably absurd. Lady Haldwell felt that it was a sort of mission, a sort of converting the heathen, as it were, to explain the situation to Lali. This she did with an incision by no means lost. When her preamble was over, it became obvious to Lali that Frank Armour had married her for one reason—to have revenge on his family by disgracing them with her—to have further revenge on the pale Lady Haldwell because she had thrown him over. Dying of love for Julia, he had wed Lali, instrument of revenge.

Lali went wild. She cast from her the little habits of civilization she had so painstakingly acquired and reverted promptly and savagely to the tribal habits. While she raved and tore about muttering strange and terrifying imprecations the Armour family huddled together in a corner, blanched. The General muttered that

their hitherto ultra conservative family circle. They discovered that, with Lali, they could cut quite a figure. They discovered this at the first public appearance of Lali. It was a furore. A discreet one, of course, but distinctly a furore. The ladies would have claimed themselves as being above sensationalism. . . . still it was not called that. . . . and it was rather pleasant. . . . rather heady. . . .

And Lali was rather perfect. She had a distinct sense of acceptability. Of course.

he had rather face the "Boers" and Mrs. Armour tearfully entreated the Heavens to witness that who ever heard of a son marrying a wild Indian . . . who *ever*? At the terrific end of four hours' destruction, Lali saddled herself, the wildest horse in the stables and rode until the pale morning tempered the sullen night. She did not come back. Richard Armour and two of the men found her on the fen, the horse, lamed and foaming, the girl unconscious and moaning.

Two weeks later, after delirium, after the Valley of the Shadow, Lali's baby was born and she began a slow, a thoughtful convalescence.

Richard helped her. He read to her. He played to her thru long and moderate twilights. He talked much to her, of customs, of habits, of men and women. He taught her the operative effects of jealousy in a small nature and the fine victory of rising above it. He took life as he saw it, patiently wrought, deliberately executed, lovingly rewarded, as a scroll he took it, and spread it forth for her untutored eyes, her passionate heart, her flaming spirit, to read. He spoke of motherhood, of sacrifice of one's self to one's own, of loss and gain, and joy and pain. And very slowly, very surely, the tenderness of humanity, the better understanding of the scheme entire came to Lali. She began to sense the world about her. She began to know herself. She began to know the meaning of love. She sensed the fact that she loved Frank Armour in the great, deep, glorifying way of which Richard Armour spoke to her—the love which passeth understanding. She sensed, too, that Richard Armour loved her even as she, in her turn loved Frank, but that it could not be helped, and that Richard, greatly loving, would never obtrude himself or his own wishes while there remained a vestige of hope for her happiness with Frank.

And with understanding came determination. She was in England, in London, with Frank's people. To win her fight she must employ the weapons Frank would understand. Lali, the savage, he would despise. He did not have Richard's eye of discernment. He would never be

able to see the heart and spirit under the savage garb. Be that as it may. She must use his ways. And so, step by step, little by little, the Indian girl Lali, with the midnight hair, the mutinous mouth, the swift restlessness, became the "beautiful Lali Armour" reputed for her brilliant conversation, her isolated dignity, her repression, her strange, compelling charm. Wherever society flocked most brilliantly, there Lali Armour was sure to be, her history being for her, now, a background picturesque and rich in color.

Having married Lali, Frank Armour, in the meantime had forgotten her in his conscientious trip to the devil. Occasionally, in a sober moment, he had an evil chuckle all to himself for the "devil of a time" the old folks and the ultra conservative Richard must be having with the wild-eyed aborigine he had sent home to them to represent him in the family circle—in place of the lamented Julia. He bet villainous bets to wholly disinterested persons that his people would never again dabble in a love affair and send a man to hell. He bet, again, that no one but his essentially clever self would have thought up such a delicious tidbit of vengeance. It was quite impossible for him to see Lali, stately and rather glorious, walking after dinner, on the terrace with his father, arm in arm. It was impossible for him to imagine Richard playing to her in the twilight, all his soul in his awakened eyes. Still more impossible to see his mother bending over his son and saying, in pleased tones, "Do you know, Lali dear, I believe the baby has *your* eyes. . ."

He pictured quite a different series of events. The family were crushed, and Lali, the silly girl who had kissed his hands and sobbed all over him when he sent her away, was probably exiled in some remote wing of the place—where she belonged. The pale Julia, dignified and lovely, alone drifted desirously thru his generally hazy thoughts.

In western Canada, in a small, overnight sort of place, Frank Armour about

Well, he would send Lali to his family—Lali the savage—with her tinted face and great stupid eyes and her mane of black hair





A week later he turned his face homeward

hit the bottom of the hell he had laid out for himself. And down at the bottom he met a woman, occupying the same level. Like himself, she told him, there had been, innumerable years before, a disappointment in love. "It ate at me" she said to him; "I tried to pull out of it, but everywhere I went . . . oh, I don't know . . . what does it matter? It's all so long ago. . . ." she added bitterly, "and you're drunk anyway—drunker than even I am—you don't hear—"

Somehow Frank Armour did hear. From the unkempt hair, the twisted, tormented mouth, the ravaged youth and beauty—it *had* been beauty once, he thought—of this poor flotsam beside him he seemed to feel a chord within him vibrate, as it had not done since he began the primrose down grade. "Go on" he said, "go on. . . . I hear you."

"There's nothing to tell" the woman said, rather sullenly, "I just didn't make it after that, that's all. I—I loved the man. Before I'd laughed at love. I thought it couldn't get you. Well, it did. It got me. Everywhere I went, everything I did, or tried to do, I saw him, I heard him, I . . . Oh Gawd, I felt his hand on me. I got so I couldn't stand it. I lost all my pride. . . . I had done, once. . . . I followed him and pleaded with him. I tried to rekindle the flame that once . . . that once had been so high. I begged him and prayed to him. I tried to lure him again. I . . . I guess I did about . . . everything. It wasn't any use. I know now that it never

is. That's the deadest ash of all. Then, the nightmare. I couldn't sleep. I dared not stay awake. I was hungry and thirsty for him, oh, worse than that. Then . . . other men. I tried them. They didn't do. They tormented me. They tortured me. None of them was him . . . none of them. I thought I could go mad. After that—drink. That was better. I wouldn't drink there, near my home . . . and his. And anyway, I couldn't have stood the streets we had used to walk on, meet on, the people we used to see, and talk with, together . . . the whole of it. I went away. More drink. I drifted and drifted. Still more drink. I *had* to keep him shut out, his face, that horrible memory of his hands . . . then drugs. . . . Here I am. You see me . . ." she laughed so that Frank Armour's skin crawled. He said:

"What should you have done? Was there . . . could there have been—anything?"

The derelict turned her abominable eyes upon him. "You're not unlike him" she said, "curse you for it . . . oh, curse you. . . ." she began to whimper, but went on; "so I'll tell you. I'll tell you a secret. I always have kept it . . . till now. But you're like him . . . damn you . . . the eyes . . . you move your hands about. . . . Well, it's this. I should have got married. I made a mistake there. I was seeking to love again. I couldn't do that. I should have let someone love me . . . there was someone who would have . . . once. I should have let him. And had children. They would have stopped

(Continued on page 72)

BEHOLD MY WIFE

Fictionized from the scenario of Frank Condon, based upon Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Translation of a Savage." Produced by Paramount-Artaft and directed by George Melford. The cast:

Lali	Mabel Julienne Scott
Frank Armour	Milton Sills
Richard Armour	Elliott Dexter
General Armour	Winter Hall
Mrs. Armour	Helen Dunbar
Marion Armour	Ann Forrest
Julia Haldwell	Maude Wayne
Chief Eye-of-the-Moon	Fred Huntley
Captain Vidal	F. R. Butler
Lord Haldwell	F. Templer-Powell
Gordon	Mark Fenton
Mrs. McKenzie	Jane Wolfe

My Lady Fashion

By
The Rambler

BLUE, azure skies, drifting clouds, rainbow-tinted sunsets. Long, languorous days. Time for vacationing, for quiet, idle hours. Time for putting aside, temporarily, the restraint of the formal frock for the smart sports skirts and blouses, fanciful bathing suits, charming organdies and Swisses, dainty silks and laces. Time for reveling in the enchantment, the magic of midsummer.

BACK TO SIMPLICITY

A certain simplicity is replacing the extreme extravagance that directly followed the war—an extravagance that expressed itself in ill-assorted fashions, styles that were positively grotesque. It is history repeating itself. There is always a reaction from the extreme but the love of ornamentation cannot be suppressed; and while the straight line silhouette—always simple in effect—prevails for the majority of practical dresses, draperies, ruffles and plaited flounces are noticeable in dressy afternoon and evening models.

Dancing dresses

Negligee of net lace over cream colored slip. Coat of charmeuse trimmed with fringe and Nile green ribbon. From Bonwit Teller & Co.

Photograph by Apeda





Photographs by Apeda

which are entirely sleeveless and fairly high at the neck are having quite a vogue and have the simplest possible look. They are developed in two shades of organdie with a taffeta ribbon sash. The skirt is often envelope style. Plain and fancy cotton voile dresses are most attractive in simple styles, usually keeping to the tunic idea with bloused upper parts.

A charming model in white Swiss is trimmed on the tunic and at the shoulders with flat bows of yellow Swiss and is worn over a yellow slip. This frock is a striking example of the tendency toward simpler clothes.

SIMPLER BATHING THINGS

Last year, the seashore resorts were gay for the first time in several years. Each woman in her desire to express joy at the end of the dreary war years, selected the gayest

Top, matinee coat of silver brocade in chartreuse and marine blue. Wide band of antique silver lace. Worn over a dainty slip of georgette and net lace. From Bonwit Teller & Co.

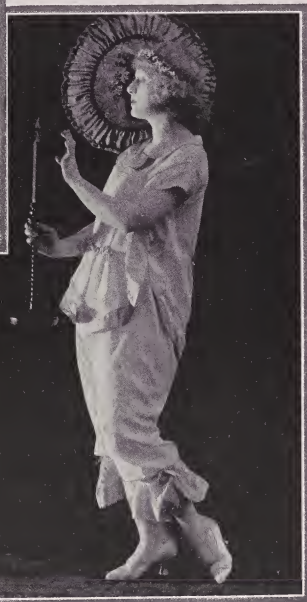
Right, pajama suit trimmed with two-tone picot edge ribbon. Posed by Alma Francis for Johnson, Cowdin & Co., Inc.

things she could find. Bright reds, vivid greens and purples bobbed over the surface of the waters and basked in the sunshine on the sands. Everybody seized the opportunity to revel in brilliant clothes never seen before on sea or land.

This year, however, sees a change in bathing suits and for the time being at least, there is a tendency to turn toward simpler things. A turning to the darker colors is noted. Black, which was crowded out of bathing things last year, now enjoys first place.

In modes we have the straight chemise model and the new model with long waist and full short skirt. The petaled skirt, too, appears in bathing dresses. Elaborate ones show rows of scalloped ruffles, while simpler ones have merely the bottom of the skirt cut in petal form. Variations of the Turkish trousers appear beneath short bathing dresses, and the woman who loves to swim just for the pure joy of exercise will not fail to include in her summer wardrobe one or two of the one-piece jersey bathing suits.

In materials the imported Turkish towelings in beautiful colorings and the rubberized ginghams in small checks are modest and suitable.



BATHING HATS AND CAPES

Every sort of headgear seems to have been copied in bathing caps. Round caps of taffeta, caps of rubberized plaid silk, caps of blue rubber dotted all over with yellow-centered white daisies.

Some of the prettiest bathing capes are of toweling. Their great advantage lies in the fact that they are absorbent and may be put on over a wet bathing suit without spoiling the wrap. Ratine is also used extensively for these wraps. Some of the bathing wraps are very pretty. For example, a coral colored, fleece-lined ratine wrap. A dolman of white toweling striped with brilliant red.

SEPARATE SKIRTS

Plaited models dominate among separate skirts whether in dark serge, plain taffeta, sports silks, sheer crepes or flannel. Alternating plain sections and panels of plaits are dividing favor with the entire accordion plaited skirt. Beautiful separate summer skirts made of Georgette crepe have borders of deep band effects in lines of worsted or floss put in by hand. Bright plaids and heather mixtures are used for actual sports purposes, also checks in black and white and in colors.

The essential characteristic of every dress, suit or skirt is its youth-giving quality. Designers cling to the short skirt, it is said, for this particular reason. Ten inches from the ground is the length which fashion has dictated, but by no means is this accepted by women of all types and ages. Personal preference decides the length of the skirt between five and ten inches.

BLOUSES AND WAISTS

One of fashion's fancies just now is the wearing of odd skirts and blouses, not alone for informal purposes but for formal daytime use.

For the latter purpose there are costly and elegant blouses of Duchess lace or of colored silk tricolette, also very exquisite blouses of Irish, Valenciennes and filet laces combined.

Dainty little slip-over taffeta blouses with short sleeves, short full peplums, bordered with self-ruchings, are worn with dressy sports skirts of silk or crepe de Chine.

Ultra smart sports blouses are made in tricolette with wool embroidery, buttonholed edgings in contrasting color, or with tiny crocheted edgings in vivid colorings. Washable blouses are of voile, linen or batiste.

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Dance frock or dinner dress of silk net lace of canary yellow over same tone slip. French flowers in dainty colorings. From Bonwit Teller & Co.



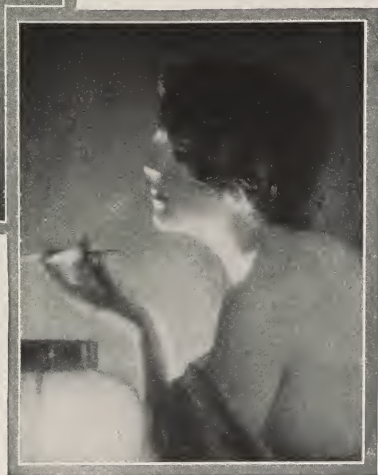
Photograph by Apeda



An English Stage Beauty Ruby Lorraine

Exclusive photographs taken for
SHADOWLAND by E. O.
Hoppé of London

Ruby Lorraine is one of the
beauties of the British stage world.
Adjoining is a piquant pastoral
"snap" taken near London. Also
a colorful studio study



The studies of Miss Lorraine upon
this page present the popular
actress as she is best known to
English audiences



At the left Miss Lorraine makes
effective use of a small Japanese
umbrella. Thus does the West
hide behind the Orient

The Season's Failures

(Continued from page 45)

onlyone, "Scandal", now remains on the New York Stage. "The Crimson Alibi" made a splashy contribution to the crime wave of the early stage season, as did "A Voice in the Dark". Both have now passed into obscurity.

Do you remember "Boys Will Be Boys"? Probably not. Yet it served to mark another milepost in the panting race of Irvin Cobb to register success as a playwright. It is curious that Cobb with his gift for effective characterization and homely anecdote had not been able to pile up profits for a theater's box office. Some day he may master the technique or he may have a big message, which will win attention though technique is absent, and thereby win a vacation from his *Saturday Evening Post* assignments.

Even a certain mastery of technique did not save the day for Samuel Shipman when he offered "First Is Last" to the playing public. This author, who is gaining fabulous wealth from "East Is West" and "Friendly Enemies", had great faith in his comedy of college boys and the destiny that awaits them in the outside world, but it only met with ridicule from the public and it was soon shelved.

London sent us failures, one of which, "The Luck of the Navy", had even been blessed by a queen. This melodrama with the Drury Lane trade mark failed to live up to the realism of the screen which has presented many features of a similarly spectacular order, and it soon vanished for Vancouver and other Canadian towns, where patriotism counted for more than verisimilitude. Then there was "Moonlight and Honeysuckle", a comedy in which Ruth Chatterton appeared; "The Dancer", a comedy said to have had its origin in Hungary, and "A Young Man's Fancy", a whimsical comedy by John T. McIntyre, which failed through excessive encumbrances of scenery.

Do you recall "Where's Your Wife?" that held the Punch and Judy for a brief period against all efforts to dislodge it? Does your memory respond to a mention of "Palmy Days", which the so-called Dean of the drama, Augustus Thomas provided and in which Wilton Lackaye boomed eloquently behind an elaborate set of whiskers? No? Well, then, perhaps you remember "On the Hiring Line", a rather freshly written comedy by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, dealing with the exigencies of domestic life in these days of stock-speculating servants.

Musical comedy was not without its representation in the theatrically-anemic statistics. There was "Fifty-fifty, Ltd.", "The Rose of China", the first Bolton and Wodehouse product to come a cropper in

New York but which had its moments of mirth and scenic beauty; "The Little Blue Devil", a cheap adaptation of "The Blue Mouse"; "Miss Millions" and "Oh What a Girl".

"The Lost Leader" came near to being a great drama. By the Irish playwright, Lennox Robinson, it sought to establish in dramatic terms the legend of the Irish countryside that Parnell had not died but had lived the life of a recluse in a hidden village of Ireland. The first act was positively electrifying, revealing mysteriously the personality of the Irish leader to three Londoners visiting a lonely inn for a week-end. The play failed to continue the absorbing qualities of the first act, and the playwright sought refuge in generalities that satisfied neither Sinn Feiner, Nationalist nor Tammany chieftain.

"Just a Minute", "Three's a Crowd", "The Whirlwind", "Curiosity" and "Carnival" were misspent enterprises of the pre-Christmas season. The last two achieved distinction, if there be any, in the completeness of their failures. "Carnival" was brought over from England by a personable young actor, Godfrey Tearle, and was presented on a tempestuous Christmas Eve. Even the bounteous spirit of the Yuletide throng could do nothing for it. It languished two weeks and was quietly packed away for re-shipment to London.

Rachel Crothers dusted off a play of conflict between domesticity and artistic temperament called "He and She", which she had written ten years ago and assumed the leading feminine role herself. It failed to arouse interest. Marjorie Rambeau's gift for tenseness of pose and voice was observed in "The Unknown Woman", a melodrama of cheap heroics transplanted from the Yiddish stage. Maxine Elliott returned to the stage for two weeks in "Trimmed in Scarlet", an antiquated play of the misguided life of a mother. "No More Blondes" was a labored farce by Otto Harbach. It will be given a musical comedy representation, unless we are sadly mistaken, within the next two seasons.

"Big Game" suffered by comparison to "The Storm", though in the person of George Gail it had the most fascinating villain since the days of Kyle Bellew in "Raffles". "The Light of the World" was ushered secretively into New York as the work of a supposedly Alsatian playwright. In reality it was written by the industrious and ever so successful George Middleton and Guy Bolton, with the most serious of motives—the attempt to show the influence of Christianity upon the lives of the Oberammergau players.

"George Washington", by Percy Mackaye, was a ghastly failure. It was neither an effective pageant of the early

days of the Republic nor a vivid and human chronicle play of the first American. Its presentation by that very eloquent Hamlet, Walter Hampden, was undoubtedly inspired by the success of "Abraham Lincoln", but the popularity of the latter was never endangered.

And then there were such plays as "Five O'Clock", "The Bonehead" and "Oh Henry", all of which had the distinction of living a short life at the Fulton Theater.

A long list of failures, is it not? And a list which provided scarcely a memorable moment save for the exception of the first act of "The Lost Leader". And yet it might have been different. Do you remember Charles Kenyon's domestic drama, "Kindling", which was only kept alive thru a spontaneous press campaign of enthusiastic newspaper writers? Do you recall Molnar's sparkling comedy, "Where Ignorance Is Bliss", and Berger's powerful study in human frailty, entitled "The Deluge", both of which gained a quick obscurity?

Yes, indeed, there have been notable failures—plays which were caviare to the general but which furnished considerable entertainment to large portions of their audiences, plays of purely intellectual appeal, plays which have aided in maintaining the art of the theater.

Under present conditions it is only reasonable to expect a great host of failures each season. A play must of necessity be written more or less on certain lines, and assuredly must contain certain types of parts, otherwise it is unlikely it will suit any particular management. The writing of a play is a difficult and serious matter, and the average man who makes his living by his pen knows this, and realizes that in order to write a play—or to attempt even to write one—much hard work and time, which can be probably ill-afforded, may have to be expended, which may quite well prove valueless when finished because of the difficulties he has in disposing of it to any manager.

So it is natural to expect failures—failures by the dozens. If they can offer a measure of interest during their brief careers they will have served their purpose. Perhaps the failures of the season of 1920-21 will offer a measure of interest.

Who can tell?

The Kindler

By Le Baron Cooke

Like a builder of fires,
Beloved,
You kindle strange ardors in me,
Delighting me, suffusing me,
Consuming me,
Making me the fuel
Of your mood.

The Fairy

(Continued from page 53)

come cold and tired to my arms; made 'em warm; hushed 'em to sleep—many's, many's the time! And when they wanted for anything 'twas always 'Mammy! Mammy! That meant me.

MOTHER:

Who else should it mean?

GRANNY:

Eh?

MOTHER:

I think sometimes you forget you was our Mother, you've so lost count o' things. This world's been too much for you, Mother. God didn't give you enough sense to kill a flea when ye caught it; and we wasn't in luck's way when you was mothering all five of us!

CHILD (Caressingly):

Granny! Granny dear!

GRANNY (Stroking the child's head):

Eh, the world's full o' little things,—little things—

(WIND: *Schwee!*)

GRANNY:

And I ha'n't had enough of 'em yet.

(WIND: *Schwee! Brrrrrr!*)

GRANNY:

No, nor I ain't dead yet, neither. You can tell 'em that. I'm still alive,—still alive.

MOTHER:

Yes: it's wonderful how you've managed to last out all the use you ever was.

CHILD:

How old are you, Granny?

GRANNY:

I'm well over a hundred, my dear.

MOTHER:

Mother! What are you telling her? Over a hundred? When was I born, then?

GRANNY:

How'd I know? Eh, sure, I've lost count.

MOTHER:

I 'aven't lost count o' myself anyhow; nor dont want at my age—with all the things I've got to do.

GRANNY:

You: why, you're only a child!

MOTHER:

Fifty last birthday.

GRANNY:

Fifty? Oh, that's strange! You was a little baby when I come.

MOTHER:

When you "come"?

GRANNY:

When I first come to have ye.

MOTHER:

Well, of course I was a baby when you first come to have me, Mother. I never heard tell as I was born grown up.

GRANNY:

No; a poor wee thing you was. Past fifty, eh? They must 'a' forgotten! Ah! It's all the same. It's all the same.

MOTHER:

Your Granny's getting soft in her head, Milly. Dont you pay no heed to what she says.

GRANNY:

Fifty years! Eh, but it's a fairy night. (The Mother goes into the inner room carrying linen. The wind rises.)

(Sings)

There they go! There they go!

I can hear 'em riding the wind!

(Speaks) Riding the wind? . . . Eh, but there was a fairy once,—different from the rest; liked to be along o' the common folk, she did; watch 'em at their work, see 'em making the bread, milking the cow, skimming the cream; liked to harken to their voices, calling their children to bed, talking by the ingle o' nights, making plans for the morrow, learning to know the thoughts of each other's hearts. And along of that—because she'd the friendly mind, she didn't care to go riding the wind with the mind, she didn't care to go riding the wind with the rest. For they be merry and gay they be, but they haven't got thoughts in their hearts like you and me. One day—

CHILD:

Go on, Granny, I'm listening.

GRANNY:

One day she come to a house where children were crying—father and mother dead, and no one to fend for 'em. Eh, little things, little things they was; and no sooner had she pushed open the door and looked in, then she forgot all about being a fairy. In she went—lived with 'em—made it her home.

CHILD:

Did they know she was a fairy, Granny?

GRANNY:

Nay, nay, they were all too little and young to know anything except to be glad someone was come to look after 'em. But when the fairies found out, they were angry, and came to fetch her away; but she wouldn't go,—told 'em she meant to stay and see to the children's need. "You'll find it a hard life," said they. "Maybe I shall," said she. "In a year's time," they said, "you'll be wanting to come back, and then we wont have you. If you wont come back now," they said, "you've got to stay fifty years! Sure, and you'll have had enough of it then!" "Eh, maybe I shall," she said; so they left her to try. Fifty years! She never saw 'em again.

CHILD:

Didn't they come back, Granny? (The Mother returns from the inner room.)

GRANNY:

No.

CHILD:

Why?

GRANNY:

Maybe they didn't care; maybe they forgot. Eh, but it's all the same! It's all the same.

MOTHER:

Now, Milly! You be off to bed. Kiss your Granny good-night.

CHILD:

Good-night, Granny.

GRANNY:

Good-night, my dear.

CHILD:

I'm glad no fairy never come to look after us, Granny.

GRANNY:

Why not, my dear?

CHILD:

Because then—then—we shouldn't have had you.

MOTHER:

Now then! Sharp's the word; off with your shoes, and up you go!

GRANNY:

Well, well; to be sure! Eh, little things, little things!

(The CHILD takes off her shoes at the bottom of the stairs, and goes up to bed.)

MOTHER:

You dont want the lamp, do you, Mother?

GRANNY:

Eh?

MOTHER:

The lamp. I'm going in there to sort over the linen. You can see to do your knitting without the lamp, cant you?

GRANNY:

Yes, yes; I can see.

(The Mother carries the lamp away to the inner room and leaves her alone, and the OLD WOMAN sits very still and meditatively for a while. Then in soft recitative her voice is heard again.)

So off they went a-dancing, off they went a-dancing, With a crying in the forest; and the wind began to blow.

They said "We'll come back for you; some day we'll come back for you." They said they'd come back for me fifty years ago.

(And now the WIND rises again, and the air is filled with a strange (Continued on page 74)

Is Acting a Creative Art?

(Continued from page 41)

tain definite landscape. Why should the actor, thus entrusted by the author with a blank scene to fill, feel any less creative?

I have often suspected that the reason why every actor, when he becomes seriously ambitious, feels he must have a go at Shakespeare, is not alone because he thus courts comparison with the giants of the "royal line," nor because Shakespeare is our outstanding classic; but because Shakespeare's plays have almost no stage directions. The actor, in a big character, uttering swelling words, moves amid tumultuous scenes free to exercise at every turn his own initiative. To be sure, he also moves amid a maze of tradition. But even here he has a peculiar sense of individualism, for what is more delightful than rejecting and upsetting tradition? Then, too, the game of finding new and appropriate means for interpreting parts so often interpreted before is full of zest. When Irving threw the end of his scarf into the empty air, to find out if it really was a dagger that he saw before him; when Mansfield, as Richard III, awoke from the tortured dream in his tent and touched the soldier to find out if he were asleep or awake, uttering a terrible cry of relief as he realized he had been dreaming; when, in the same character, John Barrymore stood alone on the stage after the crown of England was finally offered to him, and clutched an imaginary scepter in his withered hand, while his laughter rose to high Heaven (or was it, sank to deepest Hell?)—at these moments, each player was contributing something creative of his own to the interpretation of Shakespeare. The invention of new business, as the actors call it, may be likened to the invention of some new architectural device to make a structure more significant and eloquent.

There is another aspect, often lost sight of, even by critics, of the creative element in acting. Even with the most minute stage directions by the author, and the most painstaking and intelligent drilling by the director, the play as it finally reaches the public is at the mercy of the actors, and it is ultimately their sensitiveness to its meaning and message which will carry conviction to an audience. Hence it is that some of the most carefully drilled companies, in productions wonderfully arranged for effect in every detail, leave us cold, while a player in some touch-and-go production may make an unforgettable impression, etching the whole drama on our memories. You cannot pass the buck in the theater. For all our modern insistence on proper stage direction, you cannot achieve the true illusion without true acting.

This needs illustration. Some years ago Mrs. Fiske produced Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" at the Lyceum Theater—not, to be sure, in a touch-and-go manner, but most carefully, with Holbrook Blinn as the chief pillar. She herself played Lona, the sister-in-law who keeps after the arch hypocrite, to drive him into a discovery of his better self. In the last act, when he begins his soul-cleansing confession, she leaned silently, eagerly forward out of the crowd, her face alight with hope. When the truth at last burst from his lips, she gave one brief cry, a cry of joy, of relief, of thanksgiving—and that was all. Yet in that cry, so full of meaning, so eloquent, so exactly "timed" in the action, was the essential soul, the message of the play. It was unforgettable. Interpretation of Ibsen? Yes, that of course. But also worked out by the actress from her deep understanding, invented by her as a symbol to express a spiritual message—and hence creative.

Again, studying the libretto of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," you find nothing to indicate how the singers are to envelop the closing scenes with tragedy, yet they must so envelop them if the climax is to be achieved. The actor of the Don must create some symbol to indicate the change in temper, and he must maintain the new atmosphere thereafter. Many have failed. Renaud, in the great Manhattan Opera House, when the Commander's statue spoke, strode back to the monument, stood beneath it and threw open his scarlet lined cloak with a superb gesture of defiance. In some mysterious way, he contrived in this gesture to send the shivers down three thousand spines in the auditorium, and from that instant tragically gripped the house. He took, in short, a drama, a score, picked out the point at which a great stroke of emphasis must be made if the meaning of the whole were to be transmitted, and then created that emphasis by his own art. The production which depends on such strokes of emphasis on stage direction, however clever, on the drilling of the players, will fall short of its mark. Nothing can achieve that but creative acting, but the inspiration of the performers. Critics often complain that the public prefers stars to "all around casts." There are several reasons for this, some good and some very bad ones. But one reason—an unconscious reason, no doubt—is that the star is more frequently than the player in an "all around cast" his own master, following his own creative impulses (when he has them), and hence more apt to achieve these strokes of emphasis, this seemingly inspirational spontaneity.

However, when all is said about acting, we return upon the subject of personality, and we find, on careful reflection, that the performances which have given us the keenest pleasure in the theater

have been those in which the actor has been a careful and a just interpreter, but has also made a consistent and steady contribution of his own personality to the rôle. There are only thirty-six theatrical situations in the world, they say. What, then, constitutes the vast difference between a play by Shakespeare, or Shaw, or Barrie, and the cheapest melodrama or comedy? Many things, but above all, perhaps, the flavor of personality. Barrie peeps thru every line of "Peter Pan," Shaw grins sardonically behind the bed curtains of "Great Catherine." Character creates. Now, when an actor combines with interpretative skill—that is, with the proper understanding and emotional sensitiveness and skilful technique—a personality of his own which is rich and deep, and which fits the rôle, the result is a stage figure which both satisfies the interpretative demands of the author, and has the added distinction and flavor of uniqueness, the actor creating thru personality even as a Shaw or a Barrie.

We have all seen hundreds of parts played by actors and actresses who were, as the critics say, "adequate," but who quite failed to persuade us that dozens of others couldn't have done quite as well. There was no flavor of uniqueness. Then we see Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle, or Booth play Hamlet, or Maude Adams play Lady Babbie, or Warfield, perhaps, play "The Music Master," and our souls are satisfied. These are not acted characters. These are people! We know them better than we know our neighbors, and perhaps love them more. They are, of course, more skilfully interpreted, for interpretation must ever be at the bottom of all fine acting. But they are also creation, for the player's own personality has found its ideal channel of expression, and he himself, what he is, what contribution he has to make as a man to the sum total of human life, enriches and gives supreme vitality to the figure on the stage. Because every actor worthy of his salt feels in his inmost heart that he himself, as a man, a human being, has something of himself to offer to the public thru the veil of his stage impersonation, therefore his work can never be really mechanical, can never lack for him the lure of the creative urge.

NEW LOVE FOR OLD

By Margaret Oliphant Coe

You taught me love—and then
Went on your carefree way again
And left me mourning—for
You taught me love!

Not long I've mourned, for years
Have brought new joy to still my tears,
And I can bless you—for
You taught me love!



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A Plea For Futurism

(Continued from page 23)

dition, sunshine, haze or light reflections. If he is able to show all this in his picture, he has been successful. His work will find favor with the public and eventually an open door to all exhibitions. Into the class of realists we may also include the classic, idealist and impressionist school, for their work, although varying in technic, must show the actual or be based upon its principles—that is, all objects are shown as they would appear to the human eye.

Such realists as may succeed in truly recording the moods of nature and show in their works a fine color harmony, may well be able to stir emotions akin to the music of Schubert and Mozart. Others, lacking all sense of refinement, will try to convince by painting thoroughly realistic compositions in impossible color schemes, devoid of all sentiment and beauty. A musical translation of their art would require the services of a full size brass band. So much for realistic art.

While we cannot deny its sound principles, while we must admit its power as an expressive art, it is and will remain an interpretation of actual facts, and consequently it can never be called purely creative art. It is the realization of this undeniable restriction that inspired futurism. An art that will not be controlled by nature, an art that will not imitate, but purely interpret beauty and emotion by means of color and composition, regardless of subject. Finally, an art that is ever creative, demanding imagination in its most aesthetic form.

It is no wonder that the untrained observer brought to face with works, stripped of all actual form, cannot see its beauty. Only a very sensitive mind, free from all prejudice, can hope to understand and enjoy today an art that will be recognized and appreciated by the people of tomorrow. As for the artist of the old school, he will naturally oppose or even ridicule the work of these men, but, try as he may, he cannot escape their influence. He will visit exhibitions where their work is shown and unintentionally absorb some of its charm and power and perhaps finally—well, all futurists have at one time painted realistic pictures.

INSPIRATION

By Le Baron Cooke

She is the quiver of dawn,
She is the blue of the sea;
She is the hope that is drawn
From a poet's melody.

She is the stardust of night,
She is the sheen of the dew;
She is the spirit of light
That torches my soul to you.

Martha Hedman

(Continued from page 27)

communion between them. They really loved one another. After all," she said, "words are nothing. In the beginning of a friendship so much must be said by way of the coin of exchange. After that—there is an inner communication deeper, more satisfying, where the bond is real."

I asked her what manner of life she would like to live if she could be free of the ambitions, the urges, the contacts of the personal will to do.

"I should like to live on a ranch," she said, "and that is how I shall live some day. It is the only real way." She went on to tell me of the ranch in Wyoming she visits frequently. She lives in a flannel shirt and chaps and a sombrero, dwells in a tiny shack with no conveniences, washes in the cold running stream and sleeps, many nights, under the stars with nothing but camp fires and a guide to keep away the prowling wolves and bears. "One is really living then," she said, "there is no need for petty evasion; there is no telephone . . . oooh, that telephone with its meaningless talk, talk, talk, about nothing at all . . . for who could talk about anything, anyway, over a telephone? . . . there is none of the fret and the rub and the inconsequential hope and despair. There, you are near to the real things and only the real things matter. Of course," she added, "I do not mean a hermit . . . one needs so much contact with one's own kind to preserve certain sensibilities. There is so much of one's self one must necessarily give. It is only when the giving infringes upon one's soul that a halt should be called."

Miss Hedman was on the point of taking a walk country-wise. I felt that my time to halt had arrived and that I should be an infringer upon a soul if I delayed. Committing professional harakiri upon her doorstep, I departed.

Episode

By Le Baron Cooke

I wonder what you are doing,
Beloved;
Are the days bleak measurements of time,
And bare of intimacy
As mine
Here in this dismal isolation?

I look out at the charred shadows
Of the night
And call your name,
But there is no answer;
Nothing but the ceaseless twirling of
stars,
And the tremor of wind over chaos.

Suddenly I remember your promise
To come,
And I go back to my labor,
Drunk with the wine of anticipation.

A PARABLE: By Ada May Cromwell

A house without books, whereunto shall I liken it? It is like an empty bird's nest, so bare and forlorn.

It is like a tree without roots and cannot grow. It is like a spent arrow, inert, dead. It is like a hermit shut in from all the best of the world holds.

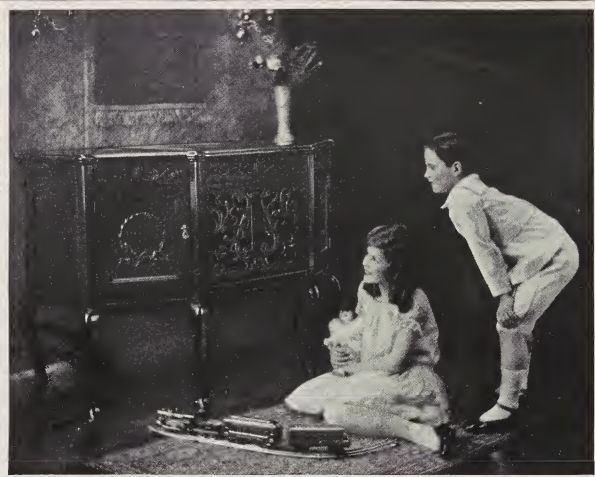
But the house where books, books, books have overflowed from the shelves and in riotous disregard for order lie on the table and window-sill, where a little volume of verse, maybe, peeps from the work-basket, and one of sayings is on the arm of the chair, and a blue-backed volume of fairy-tales divides space with the woolly sheep on wheels, and somebody comes in triumphantly bearing a musty old leather-bound volume and displays to the family his rare find, picked up at auction, and the family all beam and congratulate the hero and the old book itself seems fairly to wag its tail as it rests on the crowded table—whereunto shall I liken such a home? It is like a flock of full-fledged birds on swift pinions flying out. It is like a tree in rich fruitage. It is like a twanging arrow aimed high for the mark. Like a great prophet who dwells in a white palace set on a hill, drawing around him all that is beautiful and good.

GOING TO CHURCH

By Charlotte Becker

Ladies middle-aged and pious,
Maidens frivolous, drift by us;
Rosy children, sweetly solemn,
Slip around each fluted column.
On the porch two lovers linger,
Whispering with lifted finger,
As an elder, suave and portly,
With a gesture grave and courtly,
Ushers in the swagging stranger,
Once, 'tis said, a Western ranger.
He admires the faded beauty,
Who, with mincing air of duty,
Hands the poems of T. Keble
To the sexton, old and feeble,
As the church's birthday token
Of long faithfulness unbroken.
Here's the bustling, fat contralto,
Who, long since, "on the Rialto,"
Bought these beads, that, worn each Sun-
day,
Grace her mantelpiece on Monday.
And the pale and gaunt soprano,
Who instructs on the piano,
Daily, Prue and Faith and Nancy,
In "Spring Sigh" and "Moonlight
Fancy."

Now the bell has ceased its ringing,
And the congregation's singing
As the last belated comer,
Deacon Brown, the village plumber,
Hurries in to read the Psalter
Resting on the rose-decked altar.
Now this Domine's long sermon
Sets to snoring gran'pa Sherman;
And Miss Jones, with frizzes frowsy,
Shakes her boy from murmurs drowsy,
As the choir's "Forgive a Sinner"
Heralds home and early dinner.



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Behold My Wife!

(Continued from page 60)

the torment . . . here" she placed her quivering hand on her shrunken breast, "that might have helped," she said, "of course, it's too late . . . now . . . dont wait to call a halt, boy, till it's too late . . . dont. . ."

Frank Armour didn't drink that night.

A week later he turned his face homeward.

When he arrived he thought he would walk up. He expected to be assailed by Julia, memories of her. Somehow he wasn't. He only was assailed by memories of himself as a small boy, hanging on to his mother's arm, helping his lame brother along, waiting for Father or listening to his exploits in the wars. Assailed, too, curiously, by Lali . . . what had she been like here on this country side? Lithe and fierce, he supposed, certainly vivid. . . Lali. . . what had he done?

Half way down the lane that approached the out-of-town place to the rear, Frank encountered a small boy in holland brown, with blue eyes and amazingly straight black hair. The small boy addressed him. "I see bug huntin'" he announced, and then, confidentially, "later on it'll be big game. . . Dran'pa says so."

A premonition hit Frank and turned him first cold, then hot.

"Who," he asked, "is 'Dran'pa'?"

The small and sturdy figure preened itself. "He's General Frank Robert Armour, Retired" he announced, and then he thought it very odd that the stranger name should drop to his knees and gather himself to his heart and sort of cry and sort of laugh over him. He didn't understand—not for many years.

At the house a reception was in progress. It was a summer evening, and as it transpired, the small Frankie had escaped from his nursery for an after tea stroll. Frank got his first new view of Lali thru the French windows of the vast drawing-room. Music was playing; there were flowers, masses of them, and palms, and a circulating throng of men and women, delicately dressed. There was only one who stood forth. This was Lali. She was exotic. She was more—she was predominant. Frank knew her, yet did not know her. Where was his ardent young savage with her wild gestures, her pleas, her tears, her prayers? This . . . this was the loveliest woman he had ever seen. The stateliest. The most desirable. The . . . he admitted it, wonderingly, to himself, against himself, the least likely of capitulation—now. He felt confused. All at once his tawdry years rose up and mocked him, with soiled finger tips. He felt unclean and, in that revealing instant, unworthy, this home, that wide-eyed child, the woman in there over whose warm, aloof

beauty men and women were hovering

. . . Lali . . . walked in.

There were no tears—now. No pleas. No protestations, with a young warm, wild boy pressed fiercely to his own. The woman who had mothered his son—alone—who had so loved him—alone—who had been to him the instrument for his revenge—alone—the little savage beauty of old chief Eye of the Moon—she was no more. Instead there was the woman his mother loved, his father worshipped, to whom his brother had given his heart. There was the acknowledged Queen of their set. There was the mother of his son. She met him calmly, cordially, without a tremor. Her manner was perfectly blent of interest, of aloofness. She seemed to emanate the impression "I am not for any man—this includes you."

It was Richard, over the piano one twilight, who told Frank that Lali still loved him.

"How do you know?" Frank asked.

"How does one know some things? Because, mainly, she is the sort of woman who does love one man, only one. That one happened to be you. I wish it had been me. Secondly, it would have been me—otherwise. Involved, but you know what I mean."

"I think, I do," Frank said, with the touch of wistful simplicity he had been acquiring since his return: "I hope I do. And . . . and I'm sorry about you, old chap. If . . . if I didn't know, now, that I love Lali, too. If she were not the mother of my boy, I'd . . . I'd step aside . . . my actions warrant that."

"She loves you, dont forget," Richard said. He added: "dont feel sorry for me. Knowing Lali has been wonderful unto itself. Just that has been a greater privilege than the love, entire, of any other woman could ever be. I am not deserving of sympathy."

Richard never felt that he was deserving of sympathy. In such a wise did he love the Indian maiden. Even when the day came which brought husband and wife together at last, it held only the bitterness of rejoicing for Richard. Lali loved him, and she had him at last and he was glad for them and for himself. On the evening of the afternoon when Lali told Frank that she forgave him, that she did love him, even as she always had, the three of them strolled together down the pathway on which Frank had come home, meeting his unsuspected son. Their arms were intertwined, against Frank's shoulder Lali's dark head rested like a fragrant weighted flower, and ahead of them the small huntsman perpetrated his hunt for bugs.

In the twilight he loved, Richard watched them, his fingers idling over the mellow keys, the world, being Lali, at peace.



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The Fairy

(Continued from page 67)

vibration. Softly the bolted door flies open; in comes the moonlight and begins to fill the room; it almost seems indeed as tho the forest itself had entered, displacing walls and windows; everywhere there is a flutter, the place is full of the shadows of leaves in swift motion. Slowly, the OLD WOMAN becomes aware of the change. She looks, but she is not startled; then it seems as tho she heard a voice speaking to her, and thus she answers it:)

GRANNY:

So you haven't forgotten me after all? Aye, fifty years it is; but I'd lost count, till just now I come to remember. . . . Changed? So'd you be changed, if you'd lived like me. Ah, you may laugh; but I'm the wiser one now, tho you be the merrier. . . . What? I come back to you, now I be old? . . . Nay, but it isn't that, it isn't that. I know you, faces and you're just the same; but you want never know me again—never again! . . . No; 'tisn't age; it's life as stands between us now. Yes; some of 'em be dead, but some be still alive. . . . Oh, you knew that, did yer? Aye, a pretty one, she is that; and we be dear friends, she and I. . . . No, I don't want, I don't want to come. Why? I've told yer why: because I've lived. . . . Aye, you may well ask, but you wont understand. Have you ever known sorrow, or hardship? Have you ever known pain—what it is to be hungry, or weary, or cold? Have you ever felt fear for them as you love, or poverty, or sickness? Have you ever watched by the dying, or laid the limbs of the dead? Why, you can't even listen to words you don't understand. But it's out of them things you get life; for as they come and go they bring others, too; rest of body, comfort of heart, peace of mind, blessed sleep of the weary with never a dream, lying with them as you love warm to your side; waking, seeing 'em live thru another day, caring for 'em, fending, making ends meet; always a little different, never the same; only where you get to know. It goes away, it goes away; you can't have life without change. But inside there's something as doesn't change, something as keeps. If I came with you, I should have to give all that up. No, I wont, I wont. . . . It's no use your calling for I don't mean to come! . . . What? What's that you say? Milly? Take Milly? Why should I take her? Ah! No, you dont! I say you dont! . . . Stop calling to her! Stop! Milly, Milly, dont listen to 'em. Lie where you are! You shant take her—You shant! I'd rather die! No, and I wont come neither; I'll stay where I be.

(Enter the CHILD, walking in a trance).

CHILD:

What are you calling for, Granny?

GRANNY:

I didn't call yer. Go back! Go back to bed!

CHILD:

Yes. I'm coming! I'm putting my shoes on. I wont be long. (She starts putting on her shoes.)

GRANNY:

Milly! Open your eyes! Wake, Child! Wake up!

CHILD:

I'm awake, Granny. I'm coming! (She moves to the door. The OLD WOMAN staggers to her feet.)

GRANNY:

Go back! Go back!

CHILD:

Oh, I can see the fairies, Granny! Are we going along o' them?

GRANNY:

Wait! Stop! (Halt and feeble she totters across the room and snatches the CHILD back. The CHILD stumbles and falls.) Hark what I say, all of ye! (The fluttering lights become steadier, the vibrations almost still.) It isn't her you be wanting; it's me! (Her voice rises in a frenzy.) Yes, yes! I'll come. Take me away! I've had enough!

(Wind whines. The fluttering lights leap, the vibrations redouble, laughter peals. The CHILD, risen to her knees, watches in dazed terror. For a moment the OLD WOMAN stands motionless, gathering up her strength, then breaks into an abandonment of dance and song.)

Now I come a-dancing, a-dancing, a-dancing! Here I come a-dancing; for that's the way to go. I am coming back to you, back to you, back to you! I am bringing back to you a body full of woe.

VOICES (Without):

Now she comes a-dancing, a-dancing, a-dancing; Here she comes a-dancing, for that's the way to go. She is coming back to us, back to us, back to us! She is bringing back to us a body full of woe!

(Again laughter peals. The OLD WOMAN dances out. The CHILD starts up and runs to the door.) (Re-enter the MOTHER, carrying the lamp. The fairy lights have disappeared.)

MOTHER:

Milly, what are ye doing there at the door?

CHILD:

It's Granny, Mother! She's gone out. Look! She's dancing!

(Continued on page 76)

The Gateway to Success!

Octavia Handworth engaged for "Love's Redemption"

The Fame and Fortune Contest now being held by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND is the open gateway for your success.

REMEMBER THAT YOUR CHANCE IS AS GOOD AS THE NEXT PERSON'S.

And that you will be given every opportunity to prove your ability for the screen.

"Love's Redemption" is the name of the five-reel feature which is being produced and in which the Fame and Fortune winners will take part. The story is a strong, gripping one, and the following will appear in the cast:

Edwin Markham, Hudson Maxim, Dr. Carrol Leja Nichols, Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, William R. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymore Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali.

Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Jr., William White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Mr. Hammer, Sr., Mr. McCabe, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, The Schwinn twins, Ruth Higgins, Marjorie Longbotham.

An added feature which will arouse great interest thruout the country is the engagement of Octavia Handworth who will appear in a leading rôle. Miss Handworth is well known to all movie lovers, and tho she has been absent from the screen for a year or so, she will be welcomed back by a host of admirers.

The scenes in which the final honor roll members and winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will appear will not be filmed until after these winners have been selected by the judges. This will be done, however, some time in August.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed prepaid with *sufficient* postage to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Dufield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Name

Address..... (street)

..... (city)..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Complexion.....Height.....

The September Classic

This number will be the young 'uns number of the CLASSIC.

There will be stories about the new finds of the silver-sheet; there will be portraits of these newly-fledged stars; interviews with each one of them; and interesting news bits by "one who knows."

For instance Molly Malone, Goldwyn's new find has been interviewed by Elizabeth Peltret,—and if you do not already know Molly, you will want to after reading this interview.

Lillian Montanye has a chat with Ann May, the little lady who has been playing opposite Charles Ray in his latest pictures.

Frank Borzage, the young director who scored so decidedly with his work on "Humoresque," tells Frederick James Smith of his plans and dreams for the future.

Another new find is Josephine Hill, who has been doing so well with the Metro folk lately. You will enjoy the interview with Josephine.

It is almost unnecessary to say that there will be beautiful new pictures; unusual features about the studio folk; and novelizations which you will read with delight.

The Motion Picture Classic

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Where Are the Movie Poppas?

(Continued from page 48)

of obliv'yun? This invisible cloak? This super-extinguisher? What *didn't* he ever do? Whither has he, willy-nilly, gone? From whence, if ever, will he willy-nilly return? Is he an exile, voluntary or otherwise? On what far distant St. Helena does he nurture visions of an empirical glory past and gone before a meteor of his own creation shot across his path and *shot* him from it?

Is he alone, scattered, solitarily, to the four corners of the globe? Or has a tribal spirit risen and do the movie poppas gambol among the flamboyants, the banyans and the cocoanuts on some dim island of the far Pacific, where celluloid is not and the only stars are the soft stars above them forming the Southern Cross?

Where, I say, oh, *where*, *W-H-E-R-E* are the movie poppas?

Fighting the Film Flapper

(Continued from page 44)

Edward Knoblauch, he hopes to eventually film. "Not quite yet," he says, "the day when it will be possible is close at hand."

Mr. Faversham is now going to devote his entire energies to the photoplay. He is planning to revive a stage adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" next October, putting the piece into rehearsal on September 1.

"The Prince and the Pauper" was produced some twenty-nine years ago, when Faversham, just over from England, was attracting his first attention on the American stage. Elsie Leslie played the stellar rôle, while Faversham had a small part. "I secured the right to revive the old adaptation from Daniel Frohman," says Mr. Faversham, "but I found a new version necessary. So the Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives), and I worked it out. I shall play Miles Hendon but we have not yet selected the young woman who will have the foremost rôle. Meanwhile, we are studying the stage ingénues with interest, awaiting the right young woman."

The Fairy

(Continued from page 74)

MOTHER:

She's mad!

CHILD:

No; it's the fairies, Mother.

MOTHER:

Come in, ye old silly! What's taken ye out there?

CHILD:

Oh, look! She's tumbled down! Granny! Granny!

(The MOTHER runs out and presently returns carrying the OLD WOMAN in her arms. The CHILD's voice strains to sobbing.)

Upstairs I heard her calling me; and when I come—

MOTHER:

You wont never hear 'er call you again. 'Er's gone and done for 'erself, poor silly feckless thing!

(The OLD WOMAN opens her eyes, looks, sees the CHILD standing safe. Her head falls back.)

That's the last of 'er. She's dead.

The Universally Popular Popularity Contest

The votes pour in—hundreds of them—every day. The positions of the players are constantly changing; some who were high in the beginning have slumped a bit during the past month, while others have gone forward in spurts and starts. Mary Pickford and Wallace Reid still lead, but in view of the fact that others have come forward so rapidly during the last month it would be difficult to predict concerning the next report.

If you have not yet boosted your favorite or entered your guess as to who will come out ahead you still have time. Not only do you help your favorite to a greater popularity, you have a chance of winning one of the splendid prizes depicted on another page.

POPULARITY CONTEST LEADERS

Mary Pickford, 55,510; Norma Talmadge, 34,617; Pearl White, 21,452; Mme. Nazimova, 13,012; Constance Talmadge, 7,802; Bebe Daniels, 4,809; Viola Dana, 4,549; Irene Ferguson, 3,456; Lillian Gish, 2,904; Theda Bara, 2,709; Mary Miles Minter, 2,556; Ruth Roland, 2,501; Dorothy Gish, 2,311; Olive Thomas, 2,056; Anita Stewart, 1,948; Marguerite Clark, 1,906; Shirley Mason, 1,846; May Allison, 1,552; Ethel Clayton, 1,504; Dorothy Dalton, 1,307; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,249; Gloria Swanson, 1,146; Irene Castle, 1,059; Olga Petrova, 1,007; Marion Davies, 917; Pauline Frederick, 904; Geraldine Farrar, 901; Alice Joyce, 849; Ann Little, 806; Alice Brady, 752; Mae Murray, 746; Kathryn MacDonald, 654; Marguerite Fisher, 618; Priscilla Dean, 605; Wanda Hawley, 601; Marie Prevost, 599.

Wallace Reid, 20,809; William S. Hart, 19,158; Richard Barthelmess, 17,402; Douglas Fairbanks, 10,505; Eugene O'Brien, 5,458; William Farnum, 5,209; J. Warren Kerrigan, 3,652; Charles Ray, 3,551; Tom Mix, 2,951; Charles Chaplin, 2,254; Douglas MacLean, 1,956; Tom Moore, 1,454; Thomas Meighan, 1,453; Rodney La Rocque, 1,403; William Duncan, 1,257; John Barrymore, 1,209; William Russell, 1,155; Kenneth Harlan, 1,154; Bert Lytell, 1,152; Ralph Graves, 1,108; Jack Pickford, 1,058; Antonio Moreno, 1,052; Earle Williams, 917; Harrison Ford, 857; George Walsh, 865; Harry Northrup, 807.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 63)

SILKS FOR SUMMER

Taffeta stands out *par excellence* as the silk material for all sorts of uses. It is a material which lends itself to the current bouffant and plaited models and is capable of combinations with serge for the practical suit or street costume, or with lace and organdie for a midsummer dance or afternoon affair.

Many of the smartest dresses for summer are of black taffeta with peasant embroideries in high colors. Sometimes these embroideries appear only on the sleeves. Many of the little black taffeta frocks have ruffs of organdie or tulle. These fresh white frills give a summery look and are very flattering to their wearers.

Taffeta has even been called into service for bindings and pipings on cotton dresses, linens, etc., and there are still more uses for this popular fabric in fascinating capes, coats, hats and parasols.

WRAPS FOR DAYTIME AND EVENING

The taffeta wrap for both daytime and evening is very smart, but we see quite as many satin capes and coats shown by the leading designers.

Wraps may be of any length. In lines, they are extremely full, this is especially true of those of taffetas, or wrap closely about the figure and are as tight as can be about the ankles. These characteristics apply more especially to satin models. Collars are rarely shaped or in any way tailored. They are just big pieces of material gathered up in the puffiest sort of way.

Linings are very handsome and give an important appearance. When wraps are lined, some arrangement of drapery is made so that the inside of the cape is visible.

There are little black satin coats that look exactly like dresses. They have the low blousing waist, encircled by a sash, and a full short skirt. Coats such as these have many uses, being suitable for morning, afternoon, traveling, sports and even for evening to cover a light filmy frock.

MANY USES FOR ORGANDIE


Cotton fabrics have become of real importance as trimmings. Organdie is invaluable for underslips of both cloth and silk dress facings, for ribbon hats and to make all sorts of little flower garnitures. White organdie is folded into narrow bands, and the bands crinkled into the form of tiny roses which are applied to the bottom of the skirt with a long and short stitch of white thread. A long sash of organdie ties about the frock which may be of taffeta or colored organdie.

Pale yellow, rose, orchid, turquoise or green frocks of organdie are wondrously appealing when made with self frills and

(Continued on page 81)

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

Bathing Apparel of Distinction




ON THE sands, a silhouette of irresistible youthfulness—in the waves, a flash of living color! One glance, and—presto! you recognize it—an Annette Kellermann Bathing Suit. Like Silhouette—illustrated here—all Annette Kellermann Bathing Attire is distinguished by an incomparable, daring beauty of fit that always remains refined. Novel, exclusive styles in "Two-in-One" Knitted Suits with Tights attached—and in "Slip-On" models, worn over tights. Sizes for Ladies, Misses, Juniors, and Tots of Two and upward. Over thirty glorious colors. Swimming Tights, too! To get the genuine, make sure that YOUR suit bears the Annette Kellermann label—with her name woven in Red.

Obtainable in all modern shops. Or you may write to us for the name of the dealer nearest to you.

ASBURY MILLS
New York Office: 200 Fifth Ave.
(Sole Makers)

The Charm and Influence of Music



In all the world, nothing can equal music for its universal charm with boys and girls, men and women. Its influence is toward clean, wholesome, cultivating companionship.

The wide-awake, active youngster; the romantic maiden, the sedate matron and dignified man, all find a common meeting ground of mutual understanding and pleasure in the medium of music.

Gibson

Instruments

furnish the perfect medium for musical expression. They are the ideal companion and home instrument. Any one can easily learn to play the songs of youth or the carols of age with a Gibson.

It provides pleasing environment and congenial companionship which naturally lead toward refinement and culture and the easy development of those qualities which make for strength of character and personal charm.

In a few short, interesting lessons you will possess an intensely fascinating and satisfying accomplishment. The world's best music is brought to your finger tips. It affords entertainment for your friends, companions and yourself. Dreary days or lonely hours are no dread to the Gibsonite.

Teacher Salesmen—men or women—always wanted. Unusual opportunities offered. Write for particulars and Free Book.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Company, 1188 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

You Can Get Into the Movies If You Want To

Maybe you're all ready now, but don't know exactly how to go about it, or maybe there are a few technicalities unfulfilled or overlooked; or possibly there's a whole lot you don't know and need to know.

In any case, we are in a position to offer you sound suggestions. Cut out the coupon below, and enclose \$5 for postage for your booklet "CAN I GET INTO THE MOVIES?" Then you judge!

National Motion Picture Institute
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, New York

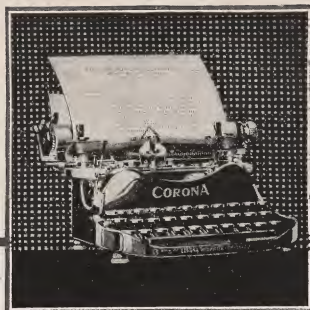
THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can Get Into the Movies and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

Third



Prize

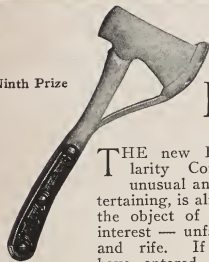
Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value \$160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First



Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value \$65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip — in pictures — pictures of your family or friends — living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value \$50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

Sixth Prize

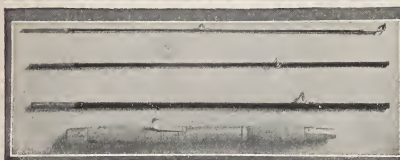


The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall Street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the motion picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December 1919 ballot	May 1920 ballot
January 1920 ballot	June 1920 ballot
February 1920 ballot	July 1920 ballot
March 1920 ballot	August 1920 ballot
April 1920 ballot	September 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for *Shadowland*, every month, and the same for *Motion Picture Magazine* and yet again the same for *Classic*. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion
Pictures.

Name
Street
City
State
Country
(Dated)

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with
..... votes.

Name
Street
City
State
Country
(Dated)

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

When Your Eyes Register Emotion



FRIGHT



PLEASURE



SORROW

WHEN your eyes "register" emotion—as Hope Hampton's eyes do so tellingly in these photos—your eyes play an important part in expressing your appeal. Long dark lashes make the eyes luminous and meaningful.

Use Lashlux—2 preparations in one. Applied after powdering, it supplies to the roots of the lashes and brows the natural oil which stimulates their growth. In addition Lashlux darkens the eyebrows and lashes immediately.

In 2 shades—Brown and dark; also Colorless for use on retiring. Delicately scented, in a dainty brown box, 50 cents.

At drug and department stores, or direct from the makers.

ROSS COMPANY
25 East 23d Street,
NEW YORK

LASHLUX

means
luxuriant lashes

THE PHOTO-PRIMER
PLAYWRIGHT'S
BY L. CASE RUSSELL *Author of "Here Lies"*
A clever, little book that will be appreciated by those interested in becoming a successful photoplay writer.
FIFTY CENTS
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc. 175 Outfield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Ask her with the adorable complexion what magic charms away the tell-tales of time and leaves her fair face so free from blenish. She will tell you Lablache—a word you so often hear among discerning women.

Refuge Substitutes
They may be dangerous.
Tide, White, Pink or Cream
Tide, a box of druggists or by
mail. Over two million boxes
sold annually. Send 10c.
for a sample box.
BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. S
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Yesterday and Tomorrow in the Photoplay

(Continued from page 55)

primitive in the force and impulse of the mass.

"No, I do not think the thought photoplay will come. I mean the play of the intellect, solely. But I see a steady broadening and developing of the screen story, much as the drama has developed in America during the past thirty years. When I was first producing for the stage, the presentation of an imported problem play was a perilous thing in this country. Our theatergoers then were less sophisticated. It was necessary to radically change the moral tone of dramas, to compromise with the taste and moral predilections of our audience.

"At that time the drama concerned itself with three things: In England, with caste; in France, with adultery, before divorce there was possible, and, in this country, with money. When we brought English and Continental dramas to this country, it was necessary to make radical adaptations, to temporize with the moral tone and to eliminate and readapt certain subjects that possessed no national interest. But America has broadened and become internationalized. In America I have seen plays, once considered shockers, grow until now those banished subjects would be considered food for babes. Our audiences have grown liberal in their thinking. But still the drama of the emotions—of sentiment—maintains pre-eminence.

"I see the same thing occurring on the screen, tempered with the fact that a huge part of the movie audience is juvenile. Yet where we once tempered and softened dramatic motives upon adapting them to the films, we are getting too liberal minded to be shocked. Common sense rules. The fact that young people form so big a part of our screen audiences will always hold film drama a certain distance from morbid realities of life.

"But we must remember that, if evil were lacking, there would be no motive to drama—or life itself. The earth wouldn't be worth living upon if there were nothing to fight or overcome. Life is a struggle. We must achieve and we must get rewards. We must not be so intolerant that we do not realize wealth, virtue and happiness to be rewards, every one of them. Drama must be based upon the struggle to secure this happiness, and the overcoming of evils, be it the evils of ambition, cupidity, envy, jealousy, and the other contents of Pandora's box.

"The screen play of the future will concern itself with every-day life. It will be along the lines of domestic comedy drama or, as Augustin Daly used to say it, comedies of 'contemporaneous human interest.' Its point of contact, be it farce or serious, will be with our own life and aspirations, so that the problems of the play have a point of contact with the auditors' own aspirations and problems.

"The advantage of the screen producer over the stage producer is measureless," went on Mr. Frohman. "A good story is not always possible in the photoplay, and failure does not come to a film because it is not above the ordinary. The artistic effect—good or bad—of a photoplay is always helped or mitigated by its varied photographic elements and the surrounding program. The spoken drama has no such advantage. You cannot put over a footlight play by giving away ice cream and cake—or with a symphony orchestra plus a couple of opera singers.

"Let the old order change. The procession of ideas moves on. The same themes exist, but there are developed new angles, new points of view, new aspects of life. The live producer, the editor, the director must, with comprehensive view sympathize with these varying phases of thought and actors and remember that, while conditions economic or social may change, human nature in its basic elements is always the same."

Daniel Frohman smilingly referred to the extreme motion picture salaries, which, he commented, "are logical or they would not be paid." And he went on: "I can remember when my brother, Charles Frohman, said to me, 'I hear that you have a little girl named Mary Pickford, who is getting a thousand a week. It isn't true, is it?' I could only make him believe it when I proved it. You see, in our early dramatic days, such salaries would have been fabulous. For instance, I can remember when I paid Maude Adams thirty-five dollars a week, Margaret Anglin forty, Henry Miller sixty as a juvenile, and Sothern \$150 a week as a star. But conditions have changed. Motion pictures have made million-dollar salaries not only logical but reasonable."

Mr. Frohman spoke of present-day histrionic standards. "There are no great artists today," he said. "We have the latent talent in splendid actors but conditions do not permit of absolute greatness. Where are the big roles to create big actors? In the old days players won their spurs in Shakespeare and the classics. In them they had the opportunities. Today the promising players receive big salaries to play little roles. As well let a race horse live in a field of clover."

THE RECLUSE

By Le Baron Cooke

Children are playing in the street,
Their little voices are shriller
Than the wind
Whistling through the spare branches
In my garden;
I go to the window
To shut out the noise,
But as I do so
I stumble
And bruise myself,
Beyond consciousness of sound,
Against the sharp angles of the dusk

The Motion Picture Magazine for September

Do you realize that THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is one of the most popular periodicals in the country?

That it is the largest and best magazine dealing with motion pictures in the world?

That it has the biggest circulation—

That it is known everywhere—abroad as well as in America—

WHY?

By way of answer we will let you take a peek between the covers of the September issue:

Bill Farnum, that popular exponent of the romantic West, has been interviewed by Ethel Rosemon and the interview has been illustrated with pictures of "Big Bill" and his wife about their California home.

There's a chat with that new Realart star, Bebe Daniels, who has shot upwards from the "extra girl" rank with such meteoric rapidity, that the dust is still thick around the western studios.

Adele Whitely Fletcher has an interesting tete-a-tete with Marion Davies; and there are some new and very beautiful photographs of the much-photographed Marion.

Louise Glaum tells Betsy Bruce in confidence of the trials and tribulations of having to live up to the exacting rôle of a hard-hearted vampire.

Maude S. Cheatham extracts some interesting confessions from Pell Trenton; Jerome Lachenbruch furnishes some new facts about the making of the movies; there are the newest photoplays told in story form,—and new pictures of the stars which you will want to frame.

The Motion Picture Magazine

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 50)

outbursts, "well if it is neither the lost Eden, nor your hard fate in this world, nor Adam's indifference, nor even repentance of your sin that makes you unhappy, what is it then? Cant you explain it?"

"It is the apple," cried Eve. "I have sinned and I have lost Paradise; I took the curse of life on my shoulders and I have to bear the burden of death; I have given innocence, peace, pride, and salvation away,—all to taste this forbidden apple. I have paid the full price and I paid it willingly, but the apple—"

"Yes, yes," impatiently said the Angel who felt that he now stood before the real tragedy of Eve, the true tragedy of every Eve who listens to the counsel of the serpent, "the apple—?"

"The apple," gasped Eve with clenched fists, in her eyes the burning tears of final disillusionment, "the apple—the apple did not taste good."

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 77)

sashes and set off with a tiny corsage bouquet of silk flowers.

BLACK AND WHITE IN HATS

Women never tire of black and white. The all-white hat is rather dead looking. The white hat with colored trimming is insipid. A touch of black on a white hat always brings a bit of smartness.

White organdie hats, much like the old-fashioned hats that brought eternal youth, are trimmed with puffy flowers of organdie and swathed with black tulle. Hats of pale yellow organdie are effectively veiled in brown net.

Big puffy, taffeta flowers are sometimes applied to drooping mushroom shapes of white organdie with long, loose stitches of black and a wispy transparent scarf draped over all. White organdie blossoms are scattered over black horse-hair hats. It is not unusual to see it ornamenting oilcloth hats in the form of scarfs or appliqued flowers and in turn oilcloth may be appliqued to hats of organdie.

TAFFETA SUNSHADES

Brown is the fashionable color for umbrellas, but in sunshades we see a riot of bright hues. A bell shaped coral colored taffeta parasol that looks, when opened, like a huge flower, is composed entirely of picot edged scallops that give the appearance of petals.

Another is of French blue taffeta, bordered with Dresden ribbon. About the edge is a tiny plaited ruffle of ribbon.

All the lovely, old-fashioned checks and flowered taffetas in light colored patterns seen in the dresses for mid-summer are duplicated in parasols.



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A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also \$1.00 size which includes mixing stick and spatula. If drug and department stores. Send 10c for trial sample and booklet.

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HAVE YOU READ THE FAME AND FORTUNE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 75?



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or ailed complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually and gently absorbs the dermalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it? Mercolized Wax

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